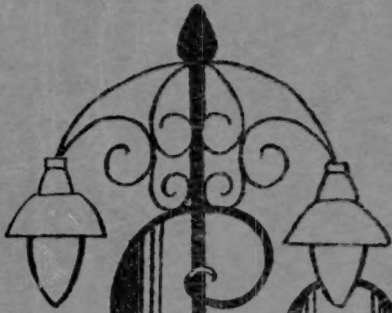


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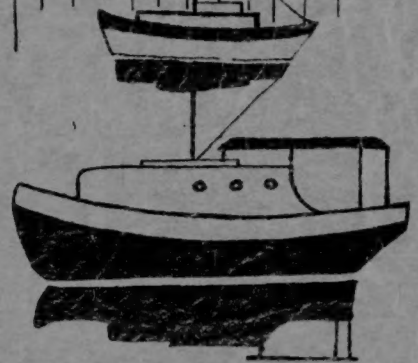
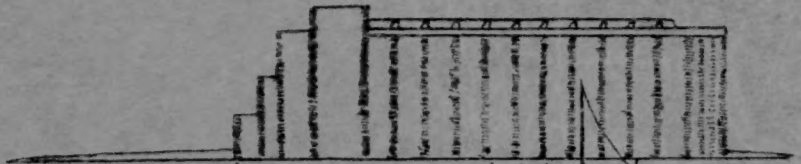
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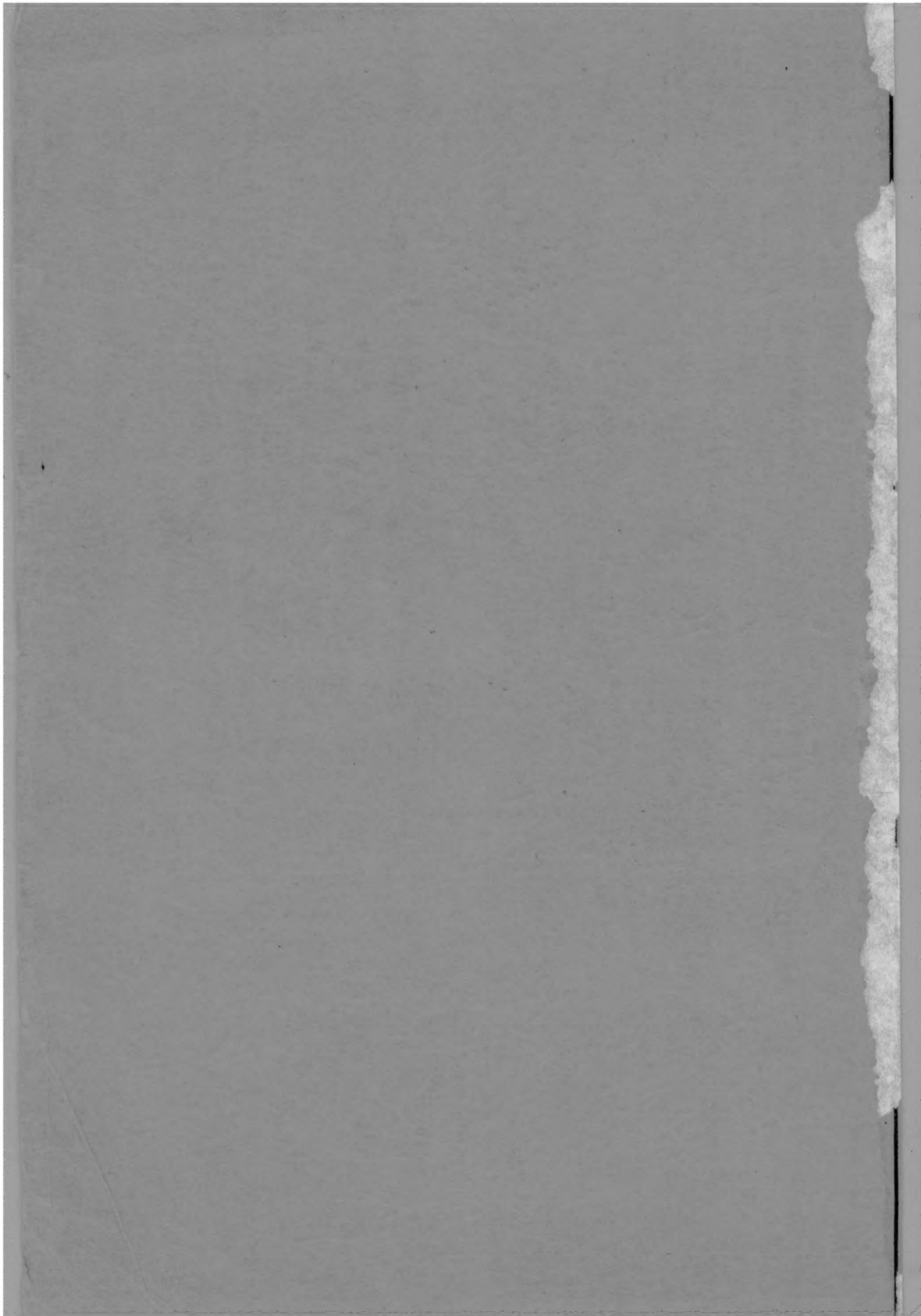
1934



# COLLEGIATE SARNIA



1934





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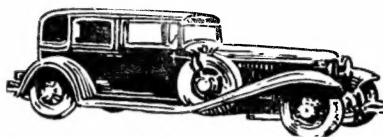
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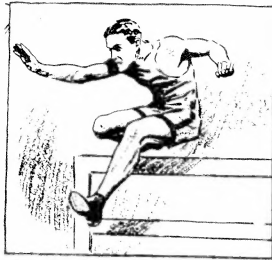
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JUST when we figured that the stories about old-fashioned Winters must be greatly exaggerated the weather man showed us the real meaning of "below zero." The Sarnia district got off easier than many places, but it was cold enough. We had a considerable rush demand for the DOHERTY QUEBEC HEATERS.

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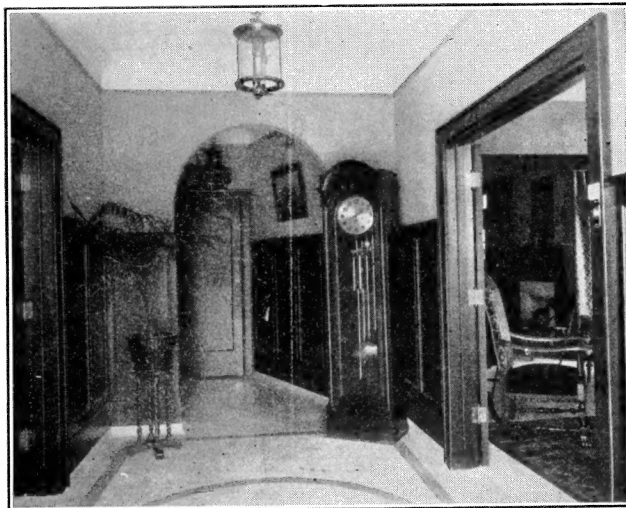
For calendar of the Faculty in which you are interested and for information about Matriculation and other Scholarships, write to the Registrar.

Mistress—I want a chicken smothered in gravy for dinner.

Cook—If you want it killed in as cruel a way as that, you'll have to do it yourself, mam.

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*View of inside front entrance to Phillips Funeral Home*

# THE COLLEGIATE

*Published in the Interests of the Students of the Sarnia  
Collegiate Institute and Technical School.*

20th Year of Publication

SARNIA

May, 1934

COVER DESIGN BY MARGARET KEMBER

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## FOREWORD

## THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE TEAM

ONE can be sure of two facts about every really successful team—it has individually capable players and it shows co-operation or team-play. These two conditions are equally important. No team of mediocre players ever gets very far, no matter how well they work together; on the other hand, no group of all-stars in which each is anxious to hold the spotlight can beat a really first class team playing as a unit.



We see these facts illustrated every day in the realm of sport—but do we realize that they apply equally to many other spheres of activity?

This issue of the "Collegiate" is a case in point. Its interesting articles, newsy write-ups and attractive art work show clever individual effort; but its complete success, as we all realize, depends just as much on the co-operative effort of the editorial and business staffs and the support of the students and advertisers. May I take this opportunity of extending the congratulations of the whole school to the 1934 "Collegiate" personnel on their proven ability to combine these two requisites so successfully.

Let us not forget, too, that what we sometimes vaguely call "school spirit" also has in it these two ingredients. Our school has a claim upon us, which each should recognize, for the best individual effort we can put forth and also for the sincerest spirit of co-operation of which we are capable, both in the classroom

and out of it. In no other way can we promote the best interests of our school and adequately pay our debt to the community.

But what of the larger world, outside of school, in which we have to participate soon, whether we wish to or not, and for which our present schooling is, perhaps, our most important preparation? Certainly the rule holds good there, too.

All but the wilfully blind can see that brilliant individual leadership will, of itself, never rescue civilization from its present crisis. The supreme need is for intelligent co-operation, among our own citizens in solving the pressing problems which Canada herself is facing, and also among the forward-looking nations of the world in warding off the awful menace of another world war and in bringing to light some solution of the critical economic and social problems which face mankind.

It may seem absurdly conceited to say that we should concern ourselves with these vast affairs. Yet the only hope for the working out of a successful national and international policy is the enlistment of the young men and women of every country in an intelligent interest now and a participation in the near future in municipal, provincial, national and even international affairs. Your best individual effort will be needed as you assume the responsibilities of the coming years, but the times will also call for your willingness to work together unselfishly in the interests not merely of any community or group but of Canada as a whole, in co-operation with the other nations of the world.

—F. C. ASBURY.



Anna May Taylor, B. A.

Modern Languages

To whom we respectfully dedicate  
this issue of "The Collegiate"

*May Taylor*



## In Memoriam

Mrs. E. K. Urquhart

Classics 1922-31

S. C. J. & T. S.



*Not for a single day  
Can I discern my way;  
But this I surely know,  
Who giveth the day  
Will show the way;  
So I securely go.*



## In Memoriam



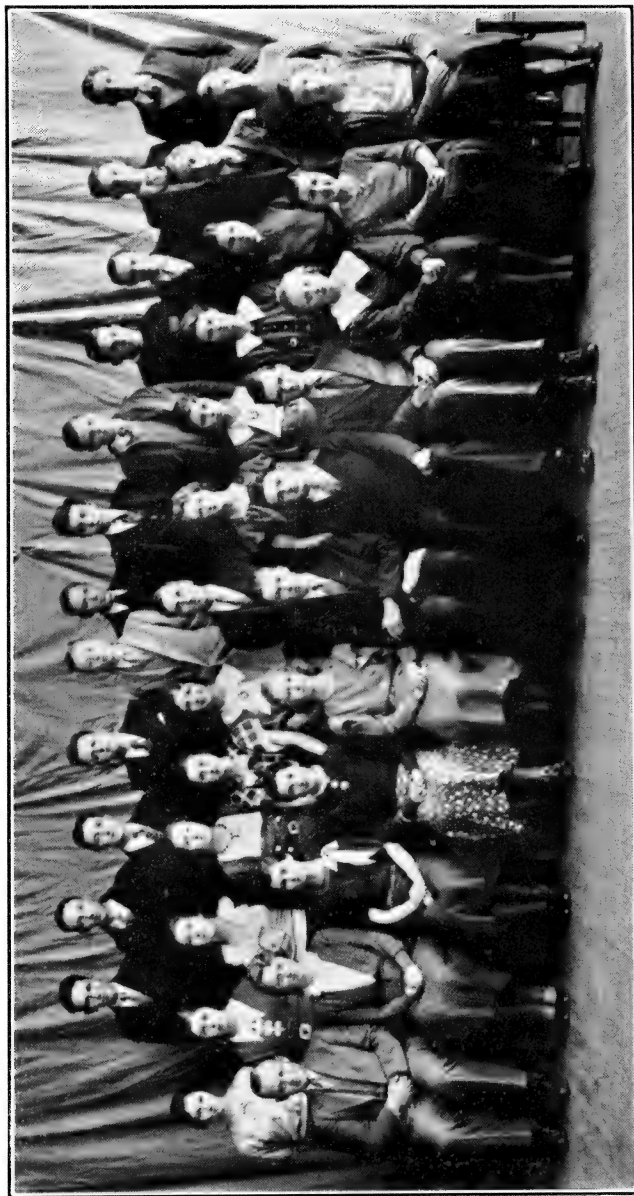
HAZEL MARIE SYMINGTON  
Died January 18, 1934.



JOHN MORSE NEWTON  
Died November 12, 1933.



JASPER CUIHBERTSON JACKSON  
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## :: :: 1934 :: ::



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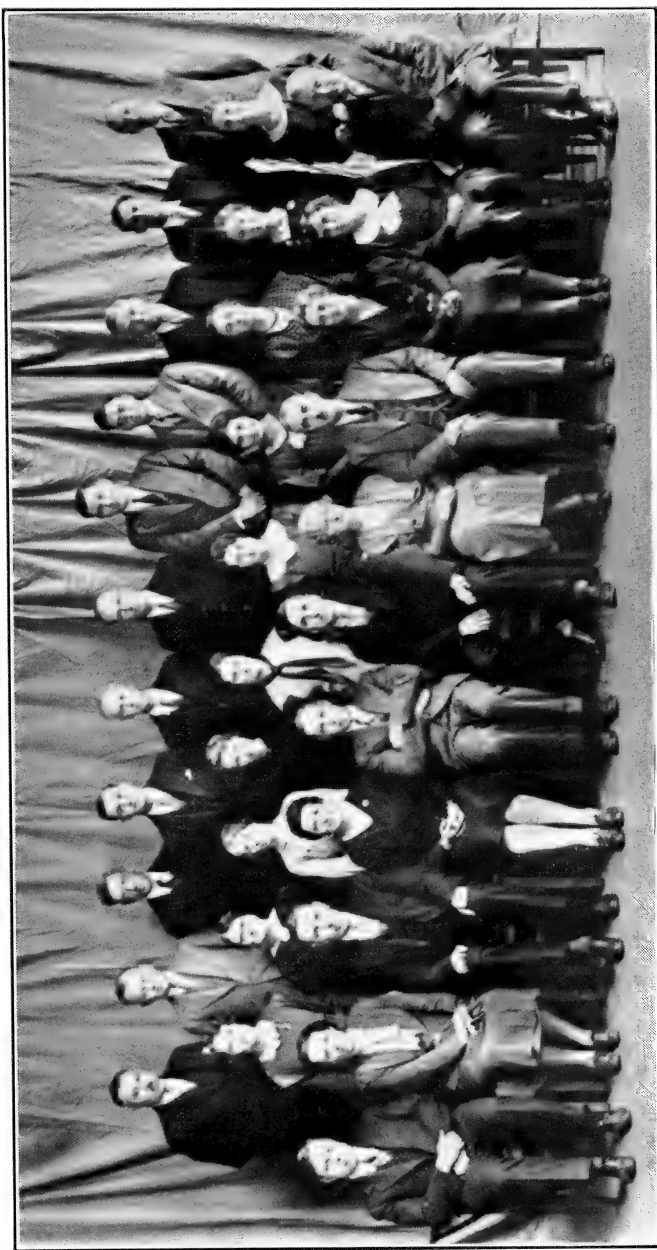
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1933-34



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## THE PURPOSE OF A SCHOOL MAGAZINE

FOR the past several years we have published the "Collegiate," a publication of which we may be justly proud. However, sometimes we wonder just what the purpose of this magazine is. It might appear that it is to give us information about our school and what goes on in its connection. But this is hardly necessary for we already know who was on the rugby team and that our cadet corps placed first in the district last year.

Apart from giving us this information our magazine has a much deeper significance. It is something which really belongs to us and of which we are proud—all of us—those connected directly with its editing and publishing, those contributing to it, and those who by purchasing a copy help to make it a financial success (not to forget the advertisers, without whose assistance the magazine would be an impossibility) and therefore it is not

just "a" magazine nor even "the" magazine, but "our" magazine.

If our magazine were to be compared with those periodicals with which we are so familiar it might be found, by the casual reader, to be below their standard, but to us there is no comparison. The appeal of something in which we are so vitally interested is much greater than that of something made by and concerning others.

But what of our magazine's purpose? That is almost evident from what it achieves. It is indeed to give us something which we can work for, which we can contribute to, and, in short, which is our own. Our magazine provides a medium strengthening the bond between us and our school and serving to keep alive those memories which we never want to see die. A glance at the autograph page recalls faces and friendships to our mind. Thus it



is through our magazine the memories of these, our happiest days, are kept aglow.

Our magazine's purpose then, seems to be something rather impalpable. It is hard just to put your finger on it and say, "The purpose of our magazine is . . . ."

Its purpose is much deeper and more difficult to explain but if our magazine gives us a certain amount of pleasure and something which we can call ours, then we can be assured of its success.

—Roger Anderson.

---

## BEST FIFTEEN CLUB

**M**ORE than a year ago there was incorporated in our athletic programme a new feature, the Best Fifteen Club. The Club represents the culmination of efforts on the part of a former student of the Collegiate, Mr. Charles Grace, who continues to exert a keen interest in affairs athletic of the S. C. I. & T. S., to provide incentive for further athletic achievement among the boys of the school.

It is not a club in the conventional conception of a club in that it has no officers, no clubrooms and there are no meetings but is rather an imaginary fraternity of athletes bonded together on the strength of their proven athletic prowess.

Membership in the club is conditional upon a candidate being successful in fifteen prescribed athletic trials from which the club derives its name. The tests embrace a wide range of sport, track and field, gymnastics, swimming, basketball,

rugby, so that versatility is necessary to successful candidacy. The standards required are also sufficiently high to demand first class performance. Proof of the difficulty of the tests lies in the fact that to date but one applicant has qualified for membership. Pass academic standing is not required and the tests may be attempted any time during the student's sojourn at the Collegiate. Should a candidate fail in a trial he is entitled to repeat his attempt upon the expiration of one week.

With the approach of warmer weather suitable to outdoor exercise and since the swimming pool has been reopened (thanks to the Board of Education) facilities are now at the disposal of the students for completing the tests and a concerted drive should be made by the boys to attain membership in the Best Fifteen Club.

—Arthur Hueston.

---

## THE ANTI-WAR CAMPAIGN AND CADETS

**D**URING recent months, in view of somewhat disturbing international relations, and of the manufacture of powerful explosives and poisonous gases capable of depopulating whole cities in a very few hours, the possibility of another world war has made it increasingly imperative that the public be educated in pacifism. An extensive anti-war campaign has begun to stir the civilized world, and since it is realized that those who are now young will determine the attitude of the next generation towards war, this campaign is being concentrated upon

youth. The minister of education has allied himself with the movement by placing a copy of "Cry Havoc!" in every school of the province. It has also been advocated that all war pictures be removed from the walls of educational institutions. Such measures seem to indicate that public opinion is becoming steadily more prejudiced towards everything that savours of militarism, and we may well wonder whether our own cadet corps, and others throughout the province, will be considered sufficiently militaristic to warrant their suspension.



It is probable that cadets do to a certain extent engender militaristic inclinations. A cadet corps is organized entirely upon militaristic lines. Its terminology—battalion, platoon, lieutenant, "form fours," for example—is that which commonly connotes armed troops. And a parade, especially when a band and uniforms are in evidence, strangely reminds one of an army. Even grown people are thrilled when a parade passes by. Perhaps if we reflect on our own experience we shall discover that the reason is this same association of parades with wars. One of the writer's earliest recollections is of a review which he witnessed before he was quite three years old, near the close of the Great War. The tall, erect, uniformed figure of the commanding officer as he issued his orders was deeply impressed upon his young mind, and often, in the years of his boyhood, the image of that officer sharply giving his commands, and of the troops immediately taking the proper formation in obedience, has risen before his young mind, and in characteristic boyish fancy he has said, "I wish I could be an officer like that, and go to war!" Even yet his pulse quickens when a parade marches past, even though guns are not carried. And many people experience a similar response. It is quite reasonable to suppose that mental attitudes produced by parades and such things during the impressionable years of childhood are primarily responsible for causing people to go into ecstasy at the sight of brass bands and parades. Childhood and youth are recognized as the most important character-building periods in a person's life, and if future war is to be eliminated, it might be advisable to guard the children of the nation, who will some day be the citizens determining its foreign policy, from influences of such a military nature as parades.

Just after cadet inspection last year, a number of small boys were seen marching

along one of the sidewalks of this city keeping time to the beat of an old tin pan and to the "left, right," of their leader. Obviously the cadet inspection had been the inspiration of this mock-parade, and the incident illustrates that not only are boys in the ranks influenced; definite undesirable psychological tendencies which cannot be eradicated are bound to be caused in the minds of public school boys who watch the parade.

In the corps itself, a boy has often thrilled at the recollection of daring war tales he has read, as the inspecting officer imposingly took the salute, the band playing softly. As the cry "battalion" rang out across the campus from lips of a schoolmate, he has said, "How I envy him. Maybe war will break out, and we'll all have decent chances of getting commissions because of our cadet training." Probably a boy who has received cadet training would be better qualified for holding a coveted army commission than one who has not received that training, and he might consequently be less inclined to oppose a declaration of war.

The plausibility of these arguments cannot be denied. Of course, it is true that cadet training also makes valuable contributions towards a boy's development. It does help to create initiative, dependability, quick thinking and self-control. It does imbue a sense of rhythm, and a respect for fine physical poise. There are rational arguments both for and against the continuance of cadets. In a time of extreme peril—in the likelihood of a disastrous conflict between nations—are cadets really dangerous enough to lessen the prejudice which we might naturally have towards war? If so, should they be abolished, and the boys of the school deprived of the benefits of such training? It is a question which will perhaps demand an answer in the near future.

—Woodrow Wooley.



# SCHOLARSHIPS



CLARA KERR



GORDON RITCHIE



THE Sarnia Collegiate takes pleasure in congratulating its scholarship winners who did so remarkably well in last summer's exams. In 1933 our school's enviable scholarship record was upheld by Gordon Ritchie, Myles Leckie and Clara Kerr.

David Gordon Ritchie made a brilliant showing and was awarded the Edward Blake Scholarship in Biology and Mathematics by the University of Toronto, \$125, with free tuition for four years, of a total possible value of \$525. He also won the James Harris Scholarship in Biology and Mathematics by University College, amounting to \$125, as well as a half-share in the Robert Bruce Matriculation Scholarship of the value of \$50, and the First Carter Scholarship for

Lambton County, of the value of \$100. Gordon is now attending the University of Toronto, and we extend to him our best wishes for his continued success.

The D. M. Grant Scholarship for 1933 was won by Clara Winnifred Kerr. This scholarship is of the value of \$50 and is awarded by the Board of Education for superior standing in Middle School. Clara is continuing at the Collegiate this year and we feel confident she will win further honors for the school in the coming departmentals.

John Franklin Myles Leckie was awarded the Third Carter Scholarship for Lambton County amounting to \$40. Myles is attending Normal School in London this year. To him we also extend best wishes for continued success.



# SCIENCE

## THE CHEMISTRY CLUB

HONORARY PRESIDENT—MR. W. A. DENT. PRESIDENT—JAMES GREASON.

The Chemistry Club as formed two years ago, consisted of nine boys who wished to study chemistry more extensively than as outlined in the curriculum prescribed by the Department of Education. However, such interest has been evidenced in the club that this year its membership has increased to about twenty-five and indications point to a still larger enrollment. The club now has a varied membership since it contains representatives, both girls and boys, from the third, fourth and fifth forms of the Collegiate Department. The "Fifth Formers" are those who organized the club. A majority of the members are students in middle school Chemistry.

Each Wednesday at four o'clock the members meet in the "lab" and under the expert guidance of Mr. Dent, perform many interesting and instructive experiments which would otherwise be impossible due to lack of time. Much benefit as well as pleasure is derived from this organization, as is invariably shown when the results of the chemistry exams are announced.

For an hour each week the "lab" is a picture of industry; the fan whirrs, a flash of light, an explosion, exclamations of surprise and amazement arise, someone asks for the lead nitrate as curious students pursue a study of that most fascinating of sciences—Chemistry.

## TELEVISION

THE world has long felt the need of a perfect means of communication, but, owing to lack of knowledge and materials, the development of such an aid to commerce has been postponed until the present age. The absolutely perfect communication system is, of course, impossible, with our limited scientific knowledge and apparatus; but the nearest approach to it is made through television in conjunction with radio. The radio has been developed sufficiently for satisfactory practical purposes, but television has not.

Great progress has been made towards its perfection in the last five years, how-

ever. The most widely known, and most practical method used in projecting images was developed by John L. Baird in 1926. His apparatus has been generally accepted as the best method known and most experiments are conducted with it, in preference to any of the other methods.

The television problem may be roughly divided into five requirements, as follows:

1. A means of scanning the image so as to subdivide it into elements with corresponding light impulses.

2. Some device for converting the light impulses into electrical impulses.



3. A method of transmitting these electrical impulses to a distant receiver.

4. A device for reconverting these electrical impulses and spreading them over a screen.

5. Some system of synchronizing the transmitter and receiver so that each light impulse will assume its proper place in the picture at the proper time.

These requirements will be considered in order according to Baird's method.

The scanning of the image is accomplished by means of a large disc having holes drilled through it in a spiral fashion. Behind the disc is a light source. The light from this source shines through the holes in the disc, and falls on the image in such a manner that, when the disc is motionless, one sees but a single spot of light. Turning the disc slowly results in the spot moving across the image in an arc immediately followed by another spot slightly below the first. Since the disc is very large, the arcs are nearly horizontal straight lines. One revolution of the disc will cause the image to be covered or scanned once by the light beams. As the image is scanned, the reflected light varies in intensity, depending on the relative values of the light and dark areas of the image.

We now come to the means of converting the reflected light impulses into electrical impulses. The photo-electric cell or "electric eye" has the property of generating minute currents when it is exposed to light. The current generated is proportional to the light striking the cell. This, then, is a suitable means of converting the reflected light impulses from the image into feeble electric energy. These are amplified many times before they are ready for transmitting.

The transmission takes place in exactly the same manner in which a radio programme is broadcast. The television impulses are used to modulate a high frequency carrier, in place of the voice or

sound impulses. This wave is picked up by a receiver, similar to a radio receiver, amplified, detected, and again amplified. In fact one could listen to the signals with a loud speaker. However, it is not sound impulses that are desired, but light impulses.

How are these electrical impulses to be reconverted into light? On first thought, one would be inclined to use an ordinary incandescent lamp. A little investigation, however, would soon prove that the ordinary electric light bulb is totally unfit for this purpose, because of its inability to respond to the rapid current fluctuations that are encountered in television. The neon lamp will follow faithfully current variations into the hundreds of thousands per second. This type of lamp can be used to reconvert the electrical currents into light.

By viewing this neon lamp through a slowly moving disc, identical with the one used at the transmitter, one would see a series of bright spots moving across the field of vision, in exactly the same manner as the light spots moved across the image at the sending station. If the sending and receiving discs are synchronized in speed and position, the spot position, as seen at the receiver, is identical with the spot position on the image, being scanned at the transmitter. Also, the brightness of the spot is proportional to that on the image, due to the electrical impulses sent to the neon lamp from the photo-electric cell. Thus, the picture is reproduced slowly, spot by spot.

Up to this point, only light spots have been encountered. If the rotation of the discs is speeded up, so that the image is scanned sixteen or more times each second, we would no longer see a series of spots at the receiver, but a reproduced likeness of the image at the transmitter. This would be impossible, were it not for the ability of the human eye to retain impressions for about one tenth of a second.





This is sometimes referred to as the persistence of vision.

A consideration of the speed with which the light beams travel across the image, shows that the variation in light impulses must be extremely rapid for even very small pictures. This rapid variation in light impulses means a rapid variation in electrical impulses. That is, the frequency of the electric currents is extremely high. Where great detail is desired in a picture of any size, frequencies as high as fifty to one hundred thousand cycles per second are necessary. If these television signals were transmitted in the frequencies used by radio stations, they would take up as much room as ten broadcasting stations. This, of course, is out of the question, so television must be relegated to the shorter waves, where more frequency channels are available. Even here things are rather crowded. It must be understood that small pictures, with little detail, can be sent on a band no wider than that of a broadcasting station. This, in general, is unsatisfactory.

Due to the small size and the great speed of the light beams, the illumination

available is small. This results in dim pictures. Static, fading and other sources of interference, cause blotches and snowstorms to appear in the pictures. The apparatus required is large and rather awkward.

In short, television is still in the laboratory stage, but it is slowly and surely emerging. One or two television receivers have appeared on the market. The public, however, must not expect too much of them, as yet. On the other hand one can say that the progress to date has been most rapid and that the problems and uncertainties of today will unquestionably become the realities of tomorrow.

In the not too distant future, we will be able to sit in the comfort of our homes and not only hear but see the events of the world as they are taking place. Some great flight of exploration, an athletic event, or a public catastrophe will be followed aurally and visually with ease. Movies will be had for the mere turning of a dial. When these things are possible, television will be perfected.

—*T. Sleeth, 4-A.*

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#### FUTURE CAR AND FUEL ECONOMY

In this period of depression, economy is a vital consideration in every line. We read in different magazines and papers, articles by automobile engineers claiming they can build a car much more economical in operation cost than are the present ones. In fact, certain engineers claim they can build a car capable of running forty miles on one gallon of gas and two thousand miles on a change of oil. This seems an excellent idea and it is to be wondered why production does not start on this "motorist's dream." An explanation is offered by an editor writing on the trend future streamlining will take. He says, "The reaction of the public to the extreme streamlining style as demon-

strated by a certain manufacturer will decide the trend of body designing for the future." That is what counts most; public opinion. The convincing argument is sales volume for, after all, what is the use of engineers building a car if it is not going to sell? However, let us consider the changes in automobile construction necessary to produce this economical car if the public can be persuaded to accept it.

It has been stated by prominent engineers that when a car is travelling at a moderate speed, nearly fifty percent of its power is used in counteracting the air resistance and certain air conditions caused by the moving car. Also, that the



conventional car of today is styled incorrectly as regards streamlining and has less wind resistance when driven in reverse. From this we conclude that the car does not have to cut through the air as a boat through water but that the resistance is chiefly due to a partial vacuum at the rear of the car. A vacuum at the rear of the car retards forward motion because the air pressure at the front is so much greater. Results of extensive research experiments indicate that the car should taper to a point at the back in order to have a minimum of air resistance.

The public today demands natty performance, as it is called, quick getaway and hill climbing at high speeds. To obtain this, powerful, eight, or more cylinder engines are required. To my mind it seems impossible to combine these large multiple-cylinder engines with fuel economy. A smaller four cylinder engine can easily acquire a high speed on level roads and by changing to a lower gear will surmount with ease any hills encountered. The public must put up with a little less power and pick-up and the inconvenience of having to shift gears on inclines or continue to burn its money in gasoline and oil. If it can be content with four cylinder motors it can, no doubt, save infinitely in gasoline and oil consumption, and with the aid of correct streamlining and other improvements a reasonable degree of efficiency can still be maintained.

To carry the heavy, powerful engines of today and to hold the road at high speeds a car must be built with considerable strength and weight. Consider the statement made by a prominent engineer, "The fewer pounds per inch in wheelbase, the greater the riding comfort and the greater the fuel mileage." Lightness in car construction therefore presents an inroad to economy as now the wheelbase is nearly as long as is possible. If, by the aid of streamlining and smaller motors, we can design a lighter automobile, a saving in fuel will result. In this direction we are being aided by science in the introduction of lighter, stronger materials for car construction so that bulk is no longer necessary to obtain strength.

To obtain a maximum of fuel economy in our future car we must combine all these improvements and more. Power can be conserved through correct streamlining and thus less powerful, lighter motors may be used. With lighter engines fewer pounds per inch of wheelbase is effected. These together with good highways and a careful selection of transmission lubricants can do much towards reducing fuel bills. Since advancement is already being made along certain of these lines we may not only read of economy in fuel consumption but, in the near future, enjoy and benefit by it in our own car.

—Jim Genner.







Expurgated

# SCITS

WEATHER  
Sub-zero weather  
to-night and Tues-  
day followed by  
local thunder  
showers

Incorporating "High School Hush" and "Vocational Veracity"

Vol. II r 2 (II=3.1416)

S. C. I. & T. S.

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n Pages

## False Impersonation— Pupil Passes As Teacher

Much interest has been aroused in the case of a local youth, a member of the Public Speaking and Debating Club, who successfully impersonated the newest member of our teaching staff—for a moment. The visiting coach of a London girls' debating team gratefully accepted a few hints on training debaters when these were volunteered, as she thought, by a handsome and brilliant O. C. E. grad. Her gratitude cooled visibly when she learned that he hailed from Fifth form. Mr. Asbury considered taking action against the youth for false pretences, but proceedings were dropped when it was reported that in Kitchen-er, under similar circumstances, a member of the teaching staff of the S. C. I. had been asked by the principal if this was the first time she had ever debated.

## BASKETBALL TEAM ROYALLY ENTERTAINED IN ST. MARYS

The S. C. I. & T. S. Junior Basketball team were highly honoured when they played at St. Marys in the course of the W.O.S.S.A. series in January. After the game the team was entertained to very filling refreshments. Our Sarnia lads, always extremely mindful of their manners when away from home, and also their share of natural charm being foremost, gallantly offered to wash the dishes. Jimmy Hollinger, George and Ted seem to be very proficient in this art—in St. Marys. Dame Rumour hints that the St. M. C. I. boasts of a few "nice girls" who are extremely grateful for the assistance of some of our juniors in "cleaning up" after the basketball game.

# 1199 STUDENTS DISAPPEAR

## Mid-Term Reports Issued—Much Red Ink Spilled —Parents Frantically Dragging River

### OBSERVATIONS

We now realize that Parsons is all for the S. C. I. & T. S. It was merely a mistake that he gave the Hard Oils a hand.

Insert from the bottom of a physics paper: "Mr. Dennis, if you sell my answers to the funny papers, I expect you to split fifty-fifty with me."

We observe that Mr. Fielding has his car out again this spring. He told a reporter for "Scits" that while repairing a locker in the girls' cloak room on first floor he overheard one girl say to another, "There's the poor old Major's car!" Mr. Fielding said this was a case of "were my ears red!"

A reporter for "Scits" learned today that Marj. Leckie and Sally Lewis constituted the moral support of the Senior Rugby Team. Just what their duties are is not known, but we expect a statement from them on the matter shortly.

## MISS WALSH IS ENLIGHTENED

Although Miss Walsh refuses to admit it, it is now generally accepted that she finally has come to understand the reason for the suppressed (?) mirth in many of the III-B English literature classes.

They are studying (?) the "Merchant of Venice" this year, and whenever Miss Walsh reads, "Go one of you and tell the duke," III-B finds it difficult to swallow a laugh. However, we now believe, for various reasons, that she "sees the humour in it," to quote another fair member of our staff.

Stark tragedy spread gloom over the city this morning, when at 8.59 a.m. it was learned that the bulk of the S. C. I. & T. S. students had failed to return to their homes last evening after mid-term reports had been issued.

Rumours are circulating as to the whereabouts of several students. Certainly the routes of a few can be traced, but practically the whole student body has disappeared and left no clues behind them.

Early this afternoon Mr. F. C. Asbury, principal, and several of the staff were interviewed.

"I am completely baffled by this unprecedented situation" said Mr. Asbury.

"Unfortunately, I do not meet the best people here at the Collegiate. However, I am confident that the students will return e'er long, and until then, both the staff and myself will co-operate with the Sarnia police force in organizing search parties."

### Survivor's Story

Woodrow Wooley, V-B, the only survivor of the tragedy was also interviewed. On leaving the school at 4.05, he is said to have noticed several grease-spots, but did not stop to examine. He also remarked that the corridors were much quieter than usual and that there was no crowd around the bulletin board. After leaving the school he did not notice any other changes.

In the meantime the institution will remain closed in order to allow the staff to catch up on their reading and correspondence and also to have the clocks regulated,



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## EDITOR'S COLYUM

THE editors of "Scits" think that it is only right that a section of this paper be reserved for a record of the progress made at the S. C. I. & T. S. Recently a tour of inspection was made at the school and the editors emerged from the building filled with inspiration for this article.

We realized how well Latin was being taught here. Passing 212 we saw Mr. Southcombe looking proudly at Gay Burge who was saying glibly, "waltze, waltzere, foxi, trotum," and heard Miss Dalziel saying "poeta nascitur non fit" (a poet is not fit to be born). Proceeding toward the office we heard the faint tap-tap of Miss McRoberts' pencil on the desk.

A group of debaters were standing in front of the auditorium. A few words came to our ears: "I tell you Dagg, I began my oratory by addressing envelopes." Ramsay was heard to say. A crowd was in front of room 30—and mystified. We approached to enquire. Miss Lapiere kindly explained that they were all waiting for a turn at the fountain.

At the extreme end of third floor we saw an exhausted lad standing beside a large box, explaining to Mr. Dent that his name was Simpson, not Samson. The usual crowd was holding forth in the laboratory and in room 307. Today, however, a pair of white mice were being put through their paces. Passing 309 we could see Miss Walker executing the usual gymnastics with her elastic.

At this point we heard a dull roar. When we arrived on first floor, it had become deafening. We met Clara Kerr and she explained that Miss Martin was absent and the class was reviewing. Between periods we saw Miss Ramsden and Mrs. Prout playing ping-pong. We were especially pleased to notice the precision with which one class marched to its next room (one is right!). Going up the west-end stairs we saw Mr. Fielding changing Kay Webster's seat again; and when we arrived back at the office we indeed realized that life is far from stagnant at the S. C. I. & T. S.

## NOTICE

A ten-dollar reward will be paid (a dollar down and a dollar when you catch me) to anyone able to tell if Isabel Dennis has a harder time distinguishing Robert from Peter, than Maxine has telling Jack from Bill.

## TODAY'S CHAT TO THE YOUNG



At this stage of your life, you little ones in First Form should learn a great deal by watching your elders in Middle and Upper School. If you wish to play tennis watch Peggy Smith, and at the same time you learn how to get out of the oratorical contest. If on the other hand, it's to ride you desire, stick close to Enid and you may learn whether ladies prefer blondes or brunettes (in the opposite sex, of course). A few minutes of concentration on Miss Durrant V-A, might teach you to become a celebrated wit and also to cultivate an innocent expression. (In this, however, Dorothea is not alone in all her glory, eh Naomi?)

Of course my young friends, your main purpose in attending school here, is not, as you may have thought, to get out of helping your mother, but to learn the three r's. One session of the Public Speaking and Debating Club would show you that these without doubt, are Roger, Raymond and Ramsay.

## SOCIAL NOTES

The students from Vth form who enjoy the privileges of the lab. during spares, held a very delightful peppermint party recently. The arrangements were made under Teskey's directions, and Kay Nickell and Jeanne Needham served.

\* \* \*

Mr. Adie is entertaining all the "bad" students of his classes to an after-four session in the men teachers' room on Monday next. Tea will be served in cups—not saucers—at 4.30.

\* \* \*

Marion Payne is giving a luncheon today at the "Drop In" Tea Room for all those interested in drama—that is drama with wiener roasts after the rehearsals.

\* \* \*

An important social and educational event took place this week on Friday when the head of the history department received at her home on College Avenue. During the evening she displayed her rare collection of Roman numerals, capital A's, small letters, etc. She has these arranged in a glass case and is now writing an article on how they may be kept in order.

\* \* \*

The Greek students held an enjoyable evening at the home of Wilma Milliken recently. It is understood that Hossie is joining the class.

\* \* \*

Miss McLachlan entertained delightfully at dinner last evening. The guests included all those whom she has accused of taking her art implements at various times during this year.

## REMINISCING

Isn't it heck when at an exam  
You get all muddled and in a jam;  
Your head's in a whirl, your brow beaded with sweat,  
While trying a problem that's so hard to get.  
Then there's the teacher pacing the floor  
From the start of exam till you get out at four;  
On your work so hard you try your mind to keep,  
But to distant thoughts and places it just seems to leap;  
You cast your eyes upward to the clock on the wall  
And then with new vigor on your brain you call.  
The bell rings! You're all agog!  
For two hours you've sat like a bump on a log;  
The bell keeps ringing—louder, more clear.  
Just like Ben Bernie, you say—"Oh dear!"  
When suddenly an idea from out of the blue  
Informs you to be in no such stew,  
For the bell is the clock going bang! biff! bam!  
Calling you early to prepare for exam.



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## S. C. I. MOTTO IS FOUND IN WORK OF A FAMOUS PLAYWRIGHT

While reading the works of John Galsworthy, lately, a member of the S. C. I. & T. S. discovered that in one of Galsworthy's novels, the following translation is given for "Per Ardua Sic Itur Ad Astra"—"Through hard knocks we come to see stars."

Miss Dalziel thought this was an excellent translation. She says: "This will be of interest, not only to Latin students, but to the student body as a whole. The English is very close to the original Latin, but still the meaning is well expressed."

We are very grateful for this information which has been so kindly volunteered. We all have wondered at one time or another just what those words on our pin or ring meant, and to both the finder and John Galsworthy go our united thanks.

## TODAY'S LAUGH



Miss Kirk (in First Form English): "What is the feminine form of bachelor?"

Pupil: "Lady in waiting."

Mrs. Lampel: "Abie, is the clock going?"

Abie: "No ma-ma, it's standing still and wagging its tail."

\* \* \*

Gallant speech heard at the At Home: "May I borrow your frame for this struggle?"

\* \* \*

Anderson: "Gosh, you're dumb; why don't you get an encyclopedia?"

Jones: "The pedals hurt my feet."

\* \* \*

Turnbull: Z-z-z-z-z

Mr. Andrews: "What would you do if there was a flood now?"

Turnbull (listening to the prompting of neighbor as he has not heard the question): "I'd use a blotter."

## THEATRE NOTES

According to one of the staff of the S. C. I. & T. S. we can boast of a "third-rate chorus girl" in our midst. We wondered what stimulated him to this remark, especially as he is rather keen at putting on shows and the like.

\* \* \*

Well, Kampus Kapers was a great show. Although it is

fast becoming a memory, our school song is still fresh in our minds. However, is the bright person who sang "Hear the Sarnia roosters shout" the same person who sang "S. C. I. T. S. is scalding?"

\* \* \*

The latest news from the Boys' Gym is that the boys are being taught the Fan Dance. Surely this is a mere myth; however, it was submitted to "Scits."

## POET'S COLUMN

As I was lying on the green  
A small red English book I seen;  
Carlyle's essay on Burns was the edition,  
So I let it lie in the same position.

## OUR FORM—T.4

This form is a conglomeration  
Of every type of lad and lass;  
There are those who love the examination  
And those who struggle hard to pass.

There's Margaret the winsome, and Winnie the meek,  
And Jean who shines in events on Field Day,  
Kathleen, for the fame of an actress doth seek,  
While Marion Earl plans new tricks to play.

There's Beatrice and Violet who are country lasses  
And Marion who's late five days a week;  
Helen and Angela left to be nurses,  
May they find success wherever they seek.

Don Smith who looks worried and Frank the mischievous  
Are two of the brilliant male sex of the form;  
Frank Bonner and William with music delight us,  
While poor little Georgie for Helen doth mourn.

There's Jim the romantic and Kingsley the clever,  
Who feared he was wasting his brains here in Tech,  
And to the sorrow of friend Charlie Foster,  
Is airing his knowledge in Vth form matric.

Jack Milner is timid at answering questions,  
But Bolton finds pleasure in making remarks;  
Willard gives up in despair at equations,  
And Ivan, we're sure, never rose with the larks.

Jimmie the newsboy and Roy, his companion  
Will in Charlie's glider be risking their lives,  
While with the habitual click-click of iron  
George Summers moves forward completing the line.

I sneezed a sneeze into the air,  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
But hard and cold were the looks of those  
In whose vicinity that sneeze I snoze.

I know a little history,  
Some verses too, by heart;  
I know a little science,  
I know a little art.

I know a little Latin,  
I know a little Greek—  
He runs a little restaurant;  
I eat there every week!



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## SPECIAL SEATS ARE INSTALLED

New seats have been installed in several of the classrooms used by Coll. II-C. Apparently some of the girls (June and Julia, could you tell us?) had found difficulty in putting their feet in the old type of desk.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS

Word has been received that the head of the Math. department has also been promoted from Controller of the Waterworks and private detective to head waiter and Controller of School Supplies.

Tolmie announces that he has now left his childhood behind. Last night in the Sandwich Shop he refrained from throwing paper wads.

Fifth Form and Special will be admitted to assembly on Monday next—the occasion being that Mr. Mendizabal is favouring us with a speech.

Arthur Smith wishes to announce that the starter on his car is now repaired and he trusts that he won't get stuck again.

Miss Taylor wishes to announce that she has forgotten any saying relating to handkerchiefs—or the lack of them—which she might have uttered in a moment of weakness, and that the Vth Form girls are responsible for its popularity at the school.

An announcement comes from Kitchener that their debater is now fully recovered from injuries sustained on the S. C. I. & T. S. front steps when she and Boo MacGregor collided at the front door.

Miss Halliday announces that she has compounded a new recipe for college bred. It requires a fearful amount of dough, is seldom self-raising, and usually proves to be nothing more than a four year loaf.

Although Mr. Andrews still refuses to believe it, Pauline Aitken again announces that she has studied her geometry.



## DAILY SUGGESTIONS ON HEALTH

(By Ima Quack, M.D.)

The greatest complaint of late is that of absent-mindedness. There is really no cure for this fatal malady. The symptoms are various but the disease is easy to recognize. There are several sub-classes of the disease, some of which I shall try to deal with in answering today's letters.

Dear Dr. Quack: I am a young woman, usually quite responsible. However, after inviting a party of friends to accompany me home for some odd one night, I discovered that I was without my keys and could not get them into the house. I was never known to do this sort of thing before. How can I correct this distressing condition?—Little Buttercup.

My Dear Buttercup: There are but two ways to correct your type of absent-mindedness. Fortunately you have found the presence of the disease in the first stages. You can either not invite friends around or carry your keys around your neck on a blue ribbon.

Dear Dr. Quack: I am a girl in Vth form and thought I was physically O.K. Last week however, when retiring, I put my clock in bed and sat on the table. What can I do about this foolish condition?—Abie.

Abie: My dear young woman, it is plainly evident that your thoughts are elsewhere. Think less of next year and more of going to bed at a decent hour, and no doubt your condition will clear up.

My Dear Readers: You can see from these two letters how serious this malady may become. I have several others writing telling me of one of the S. C. I. staff who passed a saucer for tea instead of a cup and of a tech. student who put her pen instead of the slip on Miss Welman's desk.

For good health, step high every night and do your homework at least twice a year. To-morrow I shall discuss sleeping sickness, Turnbull.—  
IMA QUACK, M.D.

## Police Court News

An extremely interesting case has come up in the police court today and which will be tried in the course of the next few days. The head of the English department of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School has been accused by the editors of "Scits" of being a practical joker. It appears that the book containing a great deal of the material for this issue of "Scits" was handed to Miss Walker. However, when she was asked (four times) about it she professed innocence and succeeded in looking extremely that way, and a trifle surprised. After four days she gave the book to its owner in the presence of most of the members of IV-B Literature Class.

There is, therefore, no doubt as to her guilt but the editors are more concerned about her punishment. It will be decided in court shortly whether she shall write 'I must not play jokes on my pupils' n times, or read in assembly the content of the book.

### WEDDINGS

On September 6, 1933, in the Church of the Redeemer, London, Miss Gladys Ferrier, to Dr. O. M. Morgan, Ottawa.

In September, 1933, Miss Maude MacKay, to the Rev. Elgin Turnbull, Toronto.

### BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Johnson (formerly Miss Norma Brandon) Toronto, a son, Richard Elton, on November 15, 1933.

To Mr. and Mrs. Gordon M. Russell (formerly Miss Doris Ferguson) Montreal, a second son, Robert Watson, on December 28, 1933.

### LOST AND FOUND

LOST.—Mr. Graham's reason for wanting Winnifred to grow up.

FOUND.—The answers to half the questions Ingersoll asks.

LOST.—The V-A Class slips for the last six months. A generous reward is offered—not for finding these, as others have been filled out—but for discovering why Rainsberry refuses to carry the slip and how he manages to lose so many of them. This reward is not payable to any of the V-A Algebra class.





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## THE STARS SAY —

That by 1937 Margaret McGibbon will be a full-fledged nurse; also that the depression will be a mere memory and nursing jobs plentiful.

That in 1941, Ray Keelan will be practising law in Sarnia. He obtained, so he says, his early training in argument at the S. C. I. & T. S.

That by 1950 Myrtle Rosen will have ceased to chew gum.

That by next year more of the student body than Maxine Aiken will be able to tell the Kirk twins apart.

That some day Neil Darrach may have decided between two fair damsels of 2-A and 3-B.

That we shall never know

what makes Tessier so shy where all the young ladies are concerned.

That Doherty does not use powder but also that he will never tell why he carries the compact.

That the dreamy look on Harold MacAdams' face is merely temporary—eh Lois?

That by 1940 the Collegiate may have a flourishing literary society.

That in the summer of 1934 a sea serpent will appear in Lake Huron.

That the ventilation will soon be such that pupils never get drowsy in class.

That in a few years the pupils of S. C. I. & T. S. will not know the meaning of a detention for lateness. They will always be on time.

The stars would not think of divulging the subjects discussed at the tea hour in the staff room of the women teachers.

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN AND OTHERS

By Molly

Dear Molly: During my work in upper school this year, I was cast in a three-act play. I enjoyed the work in it and since the play I have tried unsuccessfully to call on the girl who played opposite me. I am a member of the Debating Club and can see no reason why I shouldn't call on my love near the river.—Brian.

My Dear Brian: "Faint heart never won fair lady," so, as she lies near the river, why not drop in some time?—Molly.

Dear Molly: I am a girl, new to the S. C. I. & T. S. this year. I've liked it here since the first day. Then Mr. Andrews asked me what my name was. I was nervous and said — er — Minnie — mum — He replied, "Well, Miss Minnie, if you do the maximum of your work we'll get on well." This has bothered me. What shall I do?—Minnie.

Dear Minnie: It is excellent advice. Follow it. It is only right to do your work well, and, as Miss Burriess says, "The wrong shall fail, the right prevail."—Molly.

Dear Mollie: I like coming to school but unfortunately I am teased a great deal about two things; the first, that I am late about ten times a week and also that I have had great difficulty with one of my male admirers over a pair of gloves. What shall I do?—Marion.

Dear Marion: You must be more careful about refusing invitations over the telephone. Do not worry about the admirer. After all, the average man is sufficient proof that women can take a joke.—Molly.

Marie, if you and Edythe dislike the end stairs use the centre ones, of course.

Leckie, keep your mind on geometry, no matter how attractive the H-B girls are.—Molly.

## ANNOUNCING THE OPENING OF AN S. C. I. MUSIC SHOP

"Scits" is happy to be the first to announce the opening of another new Sarnia store. This time it's a music shop where Jack Kennedy, IV-B is establishing a tuneful trade. The store is situated at 275 Wellington Street and the telephone number is 1547. Don't miss it folks!!! The following numbers are specialized for the grand opening:

### MODERN MELODIES

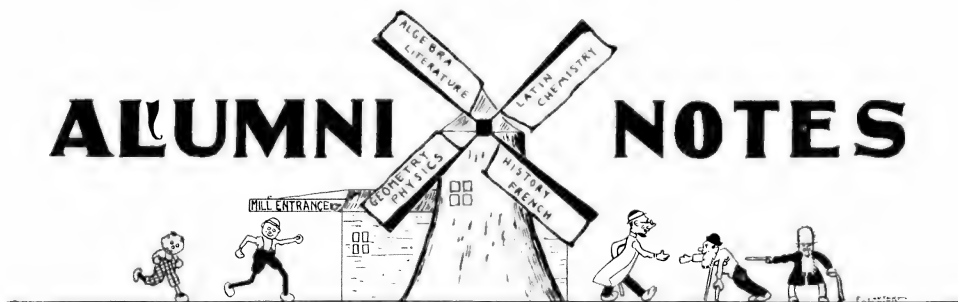
There's Something About a Soldier .....	Doris Scott
Temptation .....	Afternoon Matinee
So Shy .....	Harry Turnbull
Alone In the Dark .....	Mr. Adie
Puddin' Head Jones .....	Clifford
Dancing Lady .....	Gladys Burge
Shanghai Lil .....	Irene Holloway
I Wanna Be Loved .....	Mildred Capps
Everything I Have Is Yours .....	Ileen Leach
Tired Of It All .....	School
Going Hollywood .....	Barbara Winter
Ah! But Is It Love? .....	Owen and Dorothy
Inka Dinka Do .....	Hank Haines
Speak To Me Of Love .....	Kay Nickell
Palooka .....	Jim Driscoll
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes .....	Latin Class
Keep Young and Beautiful .....	Miss Walker
My Old Man .....	Rudolfo
Love Is the Sweetest Thing .....	Jim Hollinger
We'll Build a Little Home .....	Betty Palmer
Easter Parade .....	Teachers in Assembly
Lazy Bones .....	Harold MacAdams
"Me-Me" .....	Frank Mollitor
To-morrow .....	"I'll Bring My Note"

### OLD FAVORITES

The MacGregors' Gathering .....	Boo, Mar, Mary and Don
John Brown's "Baby" .....	Dori
The Swan .....	Tony
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boy is Marching .....	Luscombe
Danny Boy .....	Mr. O'Donohue
When Irish Eyes Are Smiling .....	Marg. Dooan
Dizzy Fingers .....	Glad. Hannam
A-Hunting We Will Go .....	Francis De Jersey
Why? .....	Clara Kerr



# ALUMNI NOTES



The "Collegiate" is very fortunate in having a distinguished graduate, Mr. Theodore M. Newton, now connected with the tutorial staff of Harvard University, write a letter for this column. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Newton for his kindness.

## HARVARD UNIVERSITY DIVISION OF MODERN LANGUAGES

TUTORIAL BOARD  
A. C. SPRAGUE, CHAIRMAN

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH  
16 HOLYOKE HOUSE  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

March 27, 1934.

Dear "Collegiate":

I am delighted at the invitation to say a few words of greeting to students and teachers at the old school and to do my bit for that hardy perennial, the school journal, whose flowering I tended with loving care one spring too many years ago.

It is an oldster's privilege to reminisce, just as it is your eternal right to become bored by such reminiscence—or perhaps, strictly speaking, by the moralizing which often accompanies it. I haven't any desire to be guilty of the latter and I'm afraid I'd be a poor one to call on for such a sermon, for if ever a youth lived life at its glorious full, it was the unworthy writer of these lines in his collegiate years. And so, if I were shoved unwillingly into the pulpit before you, I am afraid that I should be forced on grounds of consistency to take my text from a jolly old pastor named Herrick who, almost two hundred years ago, found lyric sermons in rosebuds and who, were he living today, would say in effect, "Gather ye the joys of youth while ye may." Such a sermon, unless properly qualified, would be heresy, however, wouldn't it?

But if I have neither the right nor the desire to thunder out warnings to you, I can still claim the privilege which your invitation suggests; and that is a little pleasurable reminiscence of the old brick schoolhouse on the London Road which, before the time of the spacious building you now attend, was the academic fount for all who thirsted after knowledge.

Perhaps I can be the more readily humoured on this score, for I have some cause to feel like a link between the old and the new. To be explicit, it was from the platform of your pleasant assembly hall that I bade a fond and, I fear, a very sentimental farewell to the old school. But there was some excuse for such a paean. It is curious how otherwise unimposing brick walls take on a measure of beauty when hallowed by pleasant memories, and the extravagant regard in which we held that old building must have been a source of wonderment even to those blessed with an understanding of the emotional intensities of youth. I remember that I wrote what I fondly thought was a valedictory ode about it. I am still unabashedly glad that I did.

I think there was even some mixture of resentment in our feelings. Having reached years of superlative importance and wisdom ourselves, we were indignant that the faithful old pile which had sheltered all of us with some dignity (and much difficulty) should be forced in its dotage to endure the daily prattle of mere children. None of us has at any time since been as old or as wise as he was then.

We were justifiably grateful to an old structure which had willed a host of happy memories—than which there can be no greater riches. And in proof that time and distance have had little success in dimming them, my own particular store tumble out helter-skelter as I write from an institution which has done its graduates the same service for three hundred years.

I think the movies call them "flashbacks"—those momentary pictures which the mind's eye is represented as resurrecting from the past. Tonight they are abundantly



with me, in crazy order but sharp relief—dances in an old assembly hall which frowned on such intra-mural frivolity; oratorical contests where we spouted platform platitudes with a firm resounding swell; gridiron death-struggles where we gloried in the virile thrill which came with the shock of body against body; Shakespeare in burlesque with posset from an inkwell and a pain-wracked Caesar dying from the treacherous thrust of a yardstick; sweaty after-practice rushes to a decrepit shower which knew no continence in matters of heat and cold; cadet inspections where little men with big muskets fainted in the heat, and officers, splendid in sword-belt and stars, tortured their voices into a military bark; touchdowns amidst sand-burrs, mud-puddles, snowdrifts and chagrined opponents, but always touchdowns; last-act curtains that took an embarrassed eternity to fall; all-night sessions in a local printing house to coax the "Collegiate" into its scheduled appearance. I could go on like this long past the limits of your patience and be even fresher and more garrulous than when I started. You who scoff will yourselves return to prate of such things in a few years. It's a vicious cycle and I'm rather glad that nothing can be done about it.

At least you are spared the further retrospective excesses which might occur were my own particular cronies of those days with me this evening. Then indeed would the memory mill grind with increasing speed and clatter. But of a trio which through many voluble nights settled the affairs of this and all other worlds with firmness and despatch, two of us are passing as apostles of culture in a foreign field, and the third (the veriest rascal of us all) has recently, I am given to understand, taken unto himself the dignity of a town father. O tempora, O mores!

If they were with me tonight in my reminiscing debauch, I am sure that we should all be in agreement as to one of the most enduring impressions which sprang from our collegiate years—a vivid sense of the lasting glory of inspirational teaching. I am bold to close with a note of high seriousness in feeble recognition of a debt, immeasurable and irrepayable, to certain of our teachers of the old school who have passed to their reward in whatever other worlds there be. The just reward of such great souls was not of this earth; it never is nor can be; for when those whose thoughts they have moulded and inspired have reached a measure of wisdom and maturity sufficient to see the immensity of their debt, there frequently remains to them nothing but a painful heritage of lost opportunities for acknowledging it. The reward of the great teacher is seldom immediate and never tangible. It is to be found in the breath of ideal, the wealth of aspiration and the happiness of realization in those to whom a spark has been imparted. It seems to me that there can be few nobler parts to play in this mad world than that where through largeness of soul in precept and example one strives not only to instil in others a desire for the better things of life, but also to furnish them with the equipment for its satisfaction. In the superlative performance of such a role lies true eminence, and it is to our shame that such greatness remains too often unseen and unsung. It lights up many a small Canadian classroom, and it is the very vivid sense that our own school in former days, as I hope it does now, harboured such nobility in humble guise, which prompts this imperfect tribute. For those of you who aspire to such a calling I hope it may be something more than sound and fury; for those whose task it is zealously and patiently to counsel you it may be some small glimmer of encouragement; but for those for whom I speak it is simply tardy enough acknowledgment that in our adolescent years we frequently sat before a shrine of greatness, and blindly recognized only the familiar contours of the classroom desk.

Yours sincerely,

THEODORE F. M. NEWTON.

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## WHERE HAVE OUR GRADUATES GONE?

DR. Otterschlug, in Vicki Baum's "GRAND HOTEL" once said, "*people come and people go but nothing ever happens.*" Not entirely is this so in the S. C. I. & T. S. People do come and people do go, but it would be absurd to say that nothing ever happens around the school. Something is happening from the time school opens in September until its termination in June.

With the coming of each new school year, we find many familiar faces missing from these halls of learning. They have gone on forever, perhaps, except for a few who may later return in the capacity of teachers. They have passed this stepping stone on their way along life's highway; some continue their academic endeavours, some have entered the business world, some remain at home.



To all those who have gone forth from the school we wish to extend our heartiest wishes that success, longevity and prosperity will be yours for the future.

Not so far from the old home town we find several of our 1933 grads in the persons of Mildred Burge, Mamie Cruickshank and Anna Marsh at London Normal School.

Toronto University also claims a few of last year's pupils. Among the boys we find there are Richard Gates, Gordon Ritchie, John Depew and Norman McMillen. The girls are represented by Helen Ingersoll, Collena Livingstone, Margaret McLaren, Dorothy Rintoul and Hazel Brown.

Should you be passing by the campus at Queen's you may see four boys talking together. They look familiar. Yes! we're right. It's Don. McGillivray, Ken Stubbs, Oscar Giles and Jack Callum.

Margaret Pearson, Wm. Burton, Roger Gardiner and Wm. Carr are furthering their knowledge by attending the Sarnia Business College.

Those employed by the Imperial Oil are Tom Doohan, Charles Cole, Logan Mackenzie, Elmore Cook, Sinclair Manser, Keith McMillan, Wm. Reid and Ken Stephenson.

Many of last year's students are seeking success in the stores of Sarnia. In Zellers you will probably see Ev. Kilbreath, Jean Crabb and Leroy Smith. Margaret Hayes is in Woolworth's and Doris Wilson is in the Metropolitan Store. Warren McKay is employed in Liggett's, Ken VanHorne in the Fashion Craft store, Bill Clark in W. B. Clark's, Gordon Tessier and Osmond Dobbins in Loblaw's, John Lennox in Fulkerson's, and Eileen Walker in Walker Bros. store. Blake Smith is working in Brigden.

Prospective nurses are Jessie Alexander at Petrolia, Muriel Andrews in the Chatham General Hospital, Kay MacLean and Helen Armstrong at St. Joseph's in Chatham, Marion Westfall in London, and Eileen Hunt at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Among those fortunate enough to secure positions are Ken Saunders and Doug. Burwell at the Gas Office, John Hare at Mills' Motors, Bill Carter in the law office of LeSueur, LeSueur, Dawson and Nethery, Gordon McKellar at Phillips' Funeral Home, Mason Vokes in Clare Thorner's Orchestra and Stuart Brydon in the Bank of Nova Scotia in London. Mary Wocker has completed a course at the Iva Mae Beauty Shoppe.

Other schools have claimed some of last year's students. Marion Leach is attending the Shaw Business School in Toronto, Lenore Payne is at MacDonald Hall in Guelph, Betty Summers in Belleville, Margaret Hueston at the Katharine Gibbs School in Boston, Donna-Jeanne Raymer at St. Thomas High School, Allan McEachan at Assumption College, Windsor and Gordon Smith at O. A. C.

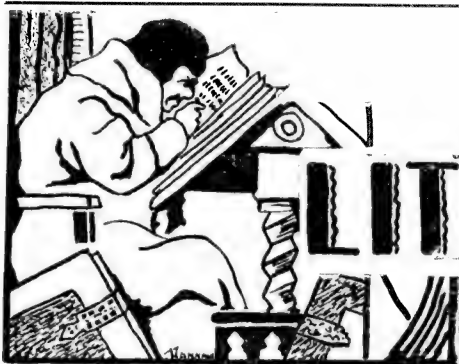
On your way down town call on Amy Thompson and Anna Lott at the Sarnia Public Library. Barbara May, formerly of the S. C. I. is this year attending High School in Vancouver.

And now a break for the boys! Some of the girls are at home. They are Jeanne Gallie, Ruth Kirkpatrick, Dorothy Zinc, Dorothy Bird, Stella Brown, Helen Hamilton, Helen Burrowes, Margaret Chowen, Helen Gillespie, Madeleine Reeves, Stella Watson, Catherine Allen, Annabelle Barnes, Marie Hamilton, Marge Leckie and Isabelle Munro.

A number of boys not working at present are: Bob Dennis, John Glynn, Les Ball, Allan Hamilton, Stewart Austin, Reginald Ewener, John Kane, George James, David Martin, Everett Milner, Arthur George, Bruce Millman, Frank Burwell, Ross Ofield, Wm. Croxford and Ken Hall.

Kathleen Curtin, Bill Doohan, Orville Whitsitt and Howard Prettie are working at the Auto-Lite.

—♦♦♦—  
This year no distinction has been made between the pupils who graduated and those who left school.



## "DIE MUTTER"

By Raymond Coveney

*(Winner of the "Collegiate" Short Story Competition)*

(Although the principal contributions of the German peoples to the welfare of humanity have been in the fields of science and music, nevertheless their contributions to the literature of the world should not be forgotten. They have neither Shakespeare nor Milton; but they compensate for the lack by the possession of a marvellous wealth of legend and of folk lore. While many of these stories are mere fairy tales, with all the clumsy machinery of goblins, witches and dragons, one may occasionally come across tales of marvellous loveliness, which more than anything else disclose the true poetry of the German race. One of the most exquisite of these tales relates that a dead mother will return from beyond the grave to care for her child. It is upon this legend that the following narrative is based).

MARIE is dead—my radiant, glorious Marie—withered like the roses she loved so well . . . .

Dead! And it was but yesterday . . . It seems an age . . .

I shall never forget the day Marie died. It was one of those glorious days of early summer, when all south Germany seems in a holiday-mood, and gay spring

passes from its cool green glory into the warmer, riper beauty of midsummer. So it was, too, that Marie passed—from the glorious beauty of her radiant youth into the riper dignity of motherhood, and then, like summer fading to autumn, fled onward to the chill dark chasm of death. And all that was left to me—left to take the place of my glorious Marie was this squawling morsel of humanity. Oh Marie! Marie! . . . .

It is the morning after the funeral, and the house is very quiet. Everyone is gone, and I am at last alone; I have fled here to my study, to be alone with grief too holy to be expressed. Perhaps my relatives wondered why I was dry-eyed at the funeral; probably they could not see that I had no heart for grieving. My heart lies buried there with Marie . . . .

From my window, the whole world smiles at me. The lake—Marie and I boated there together . . . the rose-arbour—Marie planted those roses, and loved them better than life . . . two love-birds chatter at nest-building below my window—oh God, God, why must everything remind me of Marie? With horror I turned from the window, and buried my face in hot hands, but still I could not find relief; that cushion on my



couch—Marie wove that pattern with her own hands . . . Such grief is near to madness; if only the tears would come . . .

The child's nurse has just gone. She came knocking timidly at my door, and I bade her enter.

"Master," she pleaded timidly.

"Well?" I demanded harshly, "what do you want?"

"Master," she begged, "it's about the child—"

"Drown it," I said, cruelly. "What is the child to me? Will it bring back Marie?" And I buried my face in my hands, for the thought of Marie was madness.

"But master, the priest is here for the christening. Will you not even give the child a name?"

"Name? Name? Name the brat yourself. Go!"

"But master—"

"Get out!"

She choked back the tears, and went.

\* \* \* \*

The days come and go, and I keep no count of time.

I have not been to bed. My looking-glass shows me an unshaven face, deep-lined with sorrow; my hair is grey, and I have aged ten years in a night . . .

The old nurse just disturbed me again. I have begun to detest her timid knock.

"Well," I snapped at her, "what is it now? The child again?"

"Master—last night—" The woman was trembling so that she could scarcely stand. But I was not in the mood to wait.

"Yes?" I demanded, inexorably.

"Master—I saw Marie!"

"You—saw—Marie—? Do not jest, woman, in God's name! How could you have seen Marie, when Marie is—is—?"

"But master, it is true. Last night the child was fretful so I spent the night on a couch in the nursery. The night was full moonlight, and the moonbeams fell full upon the cot in which the child was sleeping. It was by the light of this that

I saw—Marie. She was bending above the cot, and master—as she bent so, the child quieted, and even smiled in its sleep. It was very beautiful."

"Bah! You were mistaken, woman!"

"Mistaken, master? I?—who raised Marie from the time when she was no bigger than—than—a baby, and to whom she turned for a nurse for her own child? No, master, it was Marie."

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Master, tonight too will be moonlight. Will not you stay in the nursery, and see for yourself if it was she?"

"Very well," I said dully, "let it be so."

\* \* \* \*

It is the next day, and I am once again in my study; but now all is changed. Once more the birds sing below my window, and now my heart sings with them. For do I not know that Marie yet lives and that I may some day see her again? And it all happened last evening, this marvellous, incredible, beautiful thing that has changed the course of my life, and made me a man again . . .

It was a lovely evening, as most summer nights of South Germany are. The moon was at the full, and its beams streamed over the world in a soft, melting glory. They fell through the nursery window in a quiet, mystic light, shedding upon the floor and cot a soft, silvery radiance, marred only by the exquisite tracery of the vines, or the swelling shadow of the nightingale, who from his leafy bower poured forth his lovely soul in rapturous music.

Within the cot, the child was restless, as though with a fever. I could see by the moonlight its pale, twitching face. From somewhere below a clock struck two . . . and then it happened.

From the corner of the room near the cot a pale light seemed to come just for an instant. Then it faded, and—I saw. It was a woman, bending over the cot, with an expression of exquisite pain upon her lovely features. Yet even as she bent,



the child grew less restless and finally smiled joyfully into the face of the figure above. Then the face turned, and looked fully at me. *It was Marie!*

But it was not the Marie I knew. Her face was stern, forbidding, and—sorrowful. One hand was held straight before her, the other pointed downward to the sleeping child.

"Marie!" I cried.

But she did not answer. Just that up-

raised hand, and the other pointed inexorably at the cot. Then I understood.

I stepped forward and picked up the child. Then I turned to Marie. Her face became beautiful, more beautiful than I had ever seen it. Then she smiled and—vanished.

I placed the child tenderly in the nurse's arms.

"Take great care of her," I said. "Her name is Marie."

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### THE PICTURE

*By John Danner*

ALL his life, he had feared the sea, and had never gone near it, though it was at his very door. His mother had told him that there was naught to fear, but it availed her nothing. From as early as he could remember, the utter vastness of the sea, the darkling terror of its mountainous waves in anger, had thrust themselves upon his appalled mind. Even more terrifying seemed the glistening black rocks that stood shining at the sea's side, as if they were its allies.

This strange state of mind had to find outlets in his behaviour. Once, when looking through a book he came upon the portrait of a shipwreck, a picture which burned itself into his brain, so dark and weird it seemed.

At first, he was paralysed with fright. Then as strength returned to his muscles, he snapped the volume shut, threw it aside, and ran out of the room, out into the friendly sunshine. He never opened this book again.

As he grew older, he became more aware of his obsession in its true light. He wondered if anybody else had such thoughts as he. He was sure that they hadn't. The thing became a nemesis. He often said to himself, "When I die, it will be on a stormy sea, at night." His brain whispered it over and over to him, whether in the darkness of his room, or in the daylight of his classes.

One day his mother bought a painting for the great, dark hallway of their home. He had been out playing while she had hung it, and indeed was not aware of its purchase. Thus it was that when he first came upon it, it was quite unexpected.

The painting was a portrayal of the skeleton hull of a sailing vessel impaled upon massive rocks, lashed by mountainous waves. In the background was the black of night. In the dim, engulfing light of the large hall it appeared all the more terrifying.

When first he saw it, he could scarce believe the testimony of his eyes, so great was the feeling of dread that arose in him, riveting him to the carpet upon which he stood. He might still be standing thus, had not his mother called, and her voice broke the spell of the painting.

Ever after that, he seemed to hasten his steps when'er they took him past that part of the house.

At last there came a day when he refused to continue his mental flight from a mere piece of canvas. He made this decision on a night when the tempest without churned the long-feared sea into veritable mountains of water—glistening, froth-capped and roaring in the thunder-filled night. He felt instinctively that the time had come for the banishing of his fear. He felt that it would never come





again. Throwing the hall into darkness, he felt about until he had removed the painting from its place on the wall. The darkness made easier his task for he could not see the dread picture even though he could feel its terror through the darkness.

He slipped out into the rain-drenched night. The purple lightning guided him to the sea's shore.

He could not believe that he was doing this; it seemed a dream to him. But ever present in his mind was the thought that he was a coward, and this he must conquer.

His steps, every one of them forced before him, took him to the very lips of the thing he had feared all his life. Strangely, he could see no terror in the spectacle of storm affronting him. Realizing this, he began to run towards the rocks before him; became oblivious to all things about him; knew only that he, at last, was the conqueror of his mind.

Reaching the rocks, he climbed atop one, and eyes wide with the realization of what he had done, threw the painting out into the darkness to be forever lost to him, to the whole world! Almost before he knew, he was crying, "I am free! I

am free!" He could think of nothing else for the moment.

Suddenly he felt overcome with fear. His bravado had gone with the picture. Once again he saw before him the fearful sea, vast, black, and all engulfing, just at it had always been to him. He turned towards the land, crouched to spring down upon the sands, but he was a graven image. His body shook with the cold and the rain, his mind with fear. Every minute now, he told himself, he would awaken to find this but a dream. He closed his eyes. When he opened them next it would be morning and he safe in the house. In the darkness that followed, he could feel himself swaying, toppling from his throne of rock. At last he fell, backwards and into the waves below. The last thing he heard was the avalanche-roar of a descending billow. Its waves closed over his ears, his eyes, his mouth.

They found him the next morning floating on the gray-green breast of the still angry sea. They said afterwards that there was a smile of rest, of peace, on his face such as they had never seen there before.

## MASQUERADE

*By Kathryn Hayes*

AT the beginning of the eighteenth century, an English gunboat lay becalmed in a lagoon in the West Indies. The mission was to catch a Spanish pirate-ship which had been plundering English merchantmen. For several days they had been anchored without any sign of the Spanish pirates. To offset the monotony, the officers and crew were having a fancy dress parade and masque, one bright moonlight night in October. The captain masqueraded as the devil, while the first officer was the angel Gabriel.

As the night wore on the party became

more reckless and wild. Up and down the deck ran Satan's imps. Treacherous black cats and evil-faced witches stood chatting and drinking with white-winged cherubim. The devil sat in a deck-chair drinking his choice wine. Noiselessly along the deck glided the angel Gabriel, snatched the flask of Burgundy and flew toward the main mast. Up the mast he clambered, holding his treasure. Down the deck came the devil on the run. Seeing Gabriel up the mast, he started after his prey. Gabriel crawled out upon the gaff and stood taunting his pursuer.





Meanwhile, around the neighboring headland, crept a French man-of-war. The French lookout, sighting the English gunboat called to the captain, "Boat off the port bow." The captain replied, "Starboard four points. Lower your boats. Prepare to attack." The captain with four of the crew, armed with cutlasses and swords, led the way to take revenge on the English for sinking a French ship. As they climbed on board the English gunboat, they saw the devil and Gabriel suspended in the air. Great green eyes peered at them out of the darkness while imps ran along the deck. Paralyzed with fear, they were unable to move.

Unconscious of what was going on below, the devil lunged for his Burgundy and in the ensuing scramble, the flask came crashing to the deck. When the two up the mast saw their precious liquid

washing the deck, they uttered dismal howls. This was all that was needed. As the devil came sliding down the mast with Gabriel in pursuit, the Frenchmen were fully convinced that they had boarded the ship of Lucifer and his demons. So terrified were they that they lost their hold and luckily fell into their boat. It can be imagined that they lost no time in reaching their own vessel and hoisting sail.

On board the English boat all merry-making vanished, when the lookout cried, "French man-of-war on the starboard!" The captain quickly roared, "Man your guns. Fire!"

As the volley struck the water in the wake of the fleeing vessel, the French coxswain cried, "Mon Dieu! those devils can shoot!"

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## A TRAGEDY OF BIRD LIFE

*By Douglas Simpson*

Dusk was falling rapidly: the earth seemed to become silent for a moment, and then to awaken to its busy night-life as darkness descended. A rustling was heard in the undergrowth, the bushes parted and a fox could be seen slinking noiselessly after its prey. Far out over the glassy surface of the river sounded the crow-like cry of the bittern: then closer inshore an eerie call startled me into watchfulness.

From my place of hiding a dark form was seen winging its way along the bank of the river. It dropped to the ground within a few yards of my feet, and I saw the outline of a loon, moving cautiously toward an almost concealed nest of young.

Suddenly, a shadow passed through the moonlight; a form, vague and indistinct could be seen drifting slowly down from the tree-tops.

The loon saw it even sooner than I and

stiffened almost imperceptibly; then wheeled away from the nest, evidently hoping that the horned owl—for such it was—would not see her young. All at once, the great owl swooped, claws outstretched toward the nest; the loon rushed forward, prepared to defend her young ones to the end.

The two came together with a clash and the owl's huge claws immediately fastened on the breast of the loon. The loon struggled frantically for a few moments but her plight seemed hopeless, until she suddenly changed her tactics.

The long flexible neck was drawn back and the sword-like bill was driven, with terrific force, full into the face of the owl. Again and again this was repeated, and suddenly I realized what was happening. The owl was being slowly forced toward the bank of the river.

The loon was weakening fast but already they were only a few feet from the



edge. Twice more the bill was driven home, the two were wavering on the very brink; then, with a sudden splash, they toppled in and the water closed over them.

A few seconds passed, the water rippled, and the loon appeared above the surface—alone; and slowly and painfully

climbed up the bank to her nest. The owl was gone, forever.

I mused to myself, as I rose stiffly from behind my screen of bushes, that I had witnessed another example of that age-old law of the woods:

"The survival of the fittest."

### THE FARCE TRAGEDY

*By Roy Fleming*

DENSE cigarette smoke hung heavily, like a London fog, throughout the dining room of the Apache Club, New York City. Although in a district which was rough and notorious, the club was patronized by many distinguished members of society, who enjoyed the world surrounding and especially the famous Apache dances which were the feature entertainment.

This New Year's Eve, the small tables around the highly-polished dance floor were filled to capacity and the patrons awaited eagerly the appearance of the well-known dancer, Mademoiselle Antoinette, and her partner André. Among the holiday guests, was the young English detective, George Campbell, who had left his tedious work at Scotland Yard for a few weeks' holiday in America.

From the orchestra balcony, where French and European folk-songs had been played, came forth the furious music required for the Apache dance. Then a shriek came from the small exit leading to the dressing rooms. Mademoiselle Antoinette rushed out and fell, face downward, in the centre of the floor. Close after her came the villain of the dance—André. With a cap drawn down over his eyes, bandana handkerchief around his neck and a gleaming knife between his white teeth, this dark, sleek young man fitted his role perfectly.

The dance was on! With a knack and sureness which to the audience was more

realism than entertainment André then threw and caught the youthful Antoinette, as though she were a feather. The music became more furious, the dance faster. Then suddenly grasping the gleaming knife from between his teeth, André plunged it through Antoinette's heart.

Down on the floor she fell with an agonized scream. A gasp came from the large audience which was left paralysed by the shock of the drama. Quickly, some attendants lifted up the still body of the dancer and carried her to the dressing room.

Now this action had been too swift for our young English friend, George Campbell. He sprang up and ran towards the doorway. A hall led from this exit to another door which he found closed and locked. Voices came from within and Campbell heard the French accent of the dashing André.

"We sure put eet over on ze American people, eh?" At this utterance, Campbell knocked heavily on the door and demanded entrance. The door was opened by André himself, who queried: "What does Monsieur wish?"

"I am here to arrest you for the murder of Mademoiselle Antoinette," the detective replied coolly.

"Murder? Mademoiselle Antonette? But monsieur, that ees ridiculous. Here is mademoiselle, now."

At this moment, the pretty French girl



whom Campbell had thought murdered, walked into the room from another doorway.

Campbell gasped and said: "You are all right! But the knife?"

"Mais non, monsieur," she replied, "I

could not get cut with ze rubber knife, not even a leetle scratch."

"You what—?"

"I guess eet ees not only ze American who we put it over on," grinned André.

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HOPE AND THE POET

By Margaret Doohan

*Marg. Doohan*

IT was twilight. A gentle breeze stirred the lonely willow bordering a clear brook that ran leisurely past a small deserted cottage. The cottage looked as it felt, lonely, friendless; yet it was hardly friendless, for did not the graceful willows prove their friendship by so gently singing old refrains to it?

On this night the willows were to sing to someone else besides the tiny cottage. Just at twilight the slender figure of a girl walked up the lane that led to the little house. She threw herself face down beside the clear brook and drank. When she had finished drinking she rolled over and lay gazing up at the awakening stars. As she lay there she became aware of soft singing. It was the willows—whispering.

"Many years ago our friend the cottage was happy; happy because it was inhabited. The family that lived in it had two children; one was a cripple, a girl, of about fifteen; the other was a boy, about five years younger than his sister.

"Day after day the girl and her brother would sit by the brook and he would read to her from a note-book that was always with him. We heard what he read and we loved it. It was always about the sky and the flowers, the leaves and the grass, the brooks and the springs. It was called poetry.

"One day the boy came out looking very sad. Ann, his sister, was ill. A week later Ann died. The day after she died the boy came out and threw himself down on the grass at our feet and cried:

"Oh, what shall I do without Ann!

No one can help me with my poems as Ann did. No one understood them as Ann did.'

"While he lay thus, a tall figure in white walked lightly across the lawn towards him. When it reached him, it stopped and called softly:

"'Little boy!'

"The boy looked up startled.

"'Little boy, please don't cry so. I shall help you with your poetry.'

"'Oh, who are you? I don't know you!'

"'I am called Hope, and I have come to help you. I am here to take Ann's place. I want you to read your poems to me hereafter and I shall help you with your difficulties. Come to the old split-oak on the edge of the lake and read your poems aloud. You'll not see me but I shall be there.'

"'Yes but . . .', began the boy, but the lovely lady had vanished with a soft murmur, that sounded like—

"'Hope!'

"At least once a week after that the boy would set off in the direction of the old split-oak and always, when he came back there was a soft, happy light in his eye, and a spring to his step.

\* \* \* \*

"When the boy was almost nineteen years old, he lost his mother and father. For quite a while after that we noticed that he looked worried. We knew he was troubled about how to earn his living and whether or not he could sell some of his poems.



"Then one day he came down the lane looking much happier than he had in weeks. He carried a letter in his hand, and we knew his friend Hope had not deserted him. That night he locked the cottage and left. We knew he had gone to the city where he could be near his publishers.

"How long were the days now without our friend! We didn't see him for nearly five years. Then one day a car drove up the lane and stopped in front of the cottage. A well-dressed young man alighted. It was our friend and we knew from his appearance that Hope had not failed him.

"Every summer after that he spent a day or two here alone. Last summer he failed to come and we knew we would never see our friend again."

Softly the willows bowed their heads and sighed. Only the brook heard the girl's softly whispered remark:

"So that is what Father meant when he said,

'Just visit my old home and you'll hear my life story.'

Thank you pretty willows for your tale."

And she slipped away leaving the willows to their memories.

#### A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY, A.D. 56

*By Roger Anderson*

TEN years ago I visited Rome and on one of the historic seven hills, I discovered an old dwelling belonging to the period of the Empire. The venerable building was open for inspection and I wandered in, scarcely knowing what to expect. The present owner was apparently a business man and wishing to make money from his possession he had some trinkets for sale. A small brass-bound wooden box in which, he told me, I might keep my collar buttons caught my eye. I could not be sure whether or not it had been made in a German factory the year before or whether it actually dated back to the days of old Rome. However, I bought it, paying a very high price.

About two months later as I dropped a collar button into the box I noticed that it gave forth a rather hollow sound. This aroused my curiosity and I examined it carefully. Investigation showed that it had a false bottom and I found that with difficulty I could take it out, revealing a space of about half an inch in depth. In this space I found a small sheet of parchment, yellow with age, tightly folded up. I opened it quickly and found line after line of closely printed characters quite

similar to our own printing. Although I recognized that it was Latin, I was unable to translate much of it. However, I gathered together a huge lexicon of the Latin language and a friend who had taken Latin in university, and together we set about to translate the manuscript.

With much difficulty we at last prepared the following translation:

"In the second year of the reign of Nero, Emperor, a company of thirty men under the command of Lucius Petaulus and including myself (Marcus Crassus) embarked from Ostia to journey past the Pillars of Hercules and explore what lay beyond. The whole company were young men filled with the spirit of adventure, and weary of life at the court. The thought that we might drop off at the edge of the world did not worry us to any great extent—what we sought was adventure. Our ship was one of the strongest ever seen at Ostia, propelled wholly by sails and requiring no oarsmen. It was built of oak so thick that the builder swore that not even the might of Neptune could damage it. In our company was a clever Greek, Pallas by name, who had mastered the art of sailing complete-



ly, and under whose direction the ship was so constructed that it could sail almost head on into the tempest.

"We set sail in the early morning with a favourable easterly wind in our backs and after five uneventful days the Pillars of Hercules came into view. To our right towered a massive rock which I estimated to be fully twelve hundred feet high. Beyond lay the sea of mystery called by some 'Atlantis'. Of it we knew nothing and for the first time fear began to creep into our hearts. True, ships had gone through the straight and by sea to Britain, but our plans were to sail westward—to do what had never been done, and, in the opinion of our comrades in Rome, bring on ourselves certain destruction. In spite of our fear, however, we went forward—forward and westward.

"For days we sailed ever westward with only the sun and the stars to guide us. We had often heard tales about the terrible storms of this vast sea but the water was remarkably calm—only a swell disturbed its surface. On and on we sailed but we never came to the edge of the world. Our spirits rose rather than sank, for we had been told that we would fall off into everlasting night in the first week, but we were still alive after having sailed for many weeks.

"After we had been on the sea about fifty days, I began to doubt what we had been taught concerning the earth being a circular disk surrounded by the river 'Ocean' for we had travelled many miles and had not yet reached any such river and the whole sea had no trace of a current. On the evening of the fifty-third day after we had passed the pillars

a companion and I were standing in the prow of the vessel gazing toward the setting sun. He pointed out that it seemed that the sun was disappearing at a level higher than that of the water. I observed it too and was speaking about its strangeness when he suddenly exclaimed: 'Before us lies land.' That cry ran throughout the whole ship and the whole company crowded into the prow gazing toward the fast-disappearing sun.

"And land it was! On the following day we approached nearer and saw a low lying shore line rising gently to the mountains in the distance. The first day we saw neither any human inhabitants nor the works of man although we did see birds and small animals. However——"

Here the manuscript had been torn and here the tale ended. My mind became filled with a multitude of questions. Were these the discoverers of America fourteen hundred years before Columbus and nine hundred years before the Norsemen? Or had they actually visited the lost continent of Atlantis? What had they seen in the later days of their visit to the new continent and what did the word "however" introduce? The answer will never be known for I have since wired to a friend in Rome to try to locate the other part of the manuscript, but all in vain. From the first I made up my mind not to tell of my discovery and bound my friend to secrecy. My manuscript was not conclusive proof and it would lead only to confusion. Thus it is that until now the tale of this strange expedition, "beyond the Pillars of Hercules" has never been made known.

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## THE STORM

*By Sue Mackenzie*

ONE lovely little star shines bravely from a stormy sky, twinkling a radiant story from its lofty perch in the heavens, the sun sinks, valiantly resisting the sullen clouds. Tall trees stand out

as silhouettes,—an inky, threatening black . . . there is a hushed expectant silence . . . ominous clouds roll by in the stillness . . . then a rending crash—blinding light—the storm has come at last!



## THE STAR-GAZER—AND CURIOSITY

By Lawrence Hall

(Winner of the "Collegiate" Essay Competition)

*"Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
How I wonder what you are  
Up above the world so high  
Like a diamond in the sky."*

**H**OW I wonder what you are." These few words express the whole reason for the existence of knowledge in general, and that science known as "astronomy" in particular.

In the 3000 odd years since the beginning of recorded astronomy, the desire to know of those twinkling points of light above has brought to mankind a great deal of knowledge, although little of practical use. It was curiosity which led Galileo to invent the telescope, thus launching the "Renaissance" of modern astronomy. It was curiosity which prompted Newton to formulate his famous laws of physics, and Herschael to discover the planet Uranus, in 1791, using Galileo's telescope. And then, by using Newton's laws, together with an insatiable curiosity as to the reason that Uranus would not keep to the orbit assigned to it by astronomers, Leverrier, a French mathematician, discovered another planet, Neptune, on paper—a triumph for figures; but its guiding spirit was curiosity. The same spirit prompted the American astronomer, Lowell, to work for fifteen years on the belief that, because of irregularities in Neptune's course through space, there existed yet another planet beyond Neptune. This belief was justified when the tenth planet of the Solar System, Pluto, four billion miles from the sun, was discovered by photographers in 1930. Such are some of the discoveries, due directly to curiosity, which have added to our knowledge of our sister planets of the Sun's family.

How do we know that the sun is eight

million years old, that the earth weighs six sextillion, six hundred and sixty quintillion tons, that it rains hot water on Venus, that seas of liquid air lash against cliffs of carbon dioxide on Neptune? And then leaving our system to traverse the depths of interstellar space, how do we know that "clouds" of stars—suns like our own—collect in masses so large that light travelling 186,000 miles every second would take 250,000 years to pass from one side to the other? And how do we know that there are "tumbling suns," stars which whirl about one another like the governor balls on a steam engine; and stars whose atoms have collapsed, so that a cubic inch of matter from them weighs a ton? And, finally, how do we know that the universe is exploding, that space is warped, and that time is a dimension? We have discovered all these facts by trying to satisfy an innate and overwhelming curiosity, which is a general trait of human nature and a specialized trait of the characters of those who watch the skies.

I have often been asked why I sometimes spend a whole night outside in cold weather gazing through a cheap telescope, until my neck is stiff, at the "uninteresting" stars. I can give no definite answer. The director of the largest observatory in the world at Mount Wilson, California, has often been asked a similar question, and he, too, was powerless to put into words an answer that would satisfy a practical thinking person. Visitors could not understand why a scientist would sit in an awkward position at the



eye-piece of a telescope for twelve hours at a time, striving to keep a dancing image of a pin point of light at the intersection of two cross hairs, so that the ceaseless hammering of the light vibrations on one spot of the photographic plate would finally make a photographic impression. It does seem a useless sort of way of spending one's time, and yet it was this way in which Pluto was found. It is difficult to explain the commonplace work of astronomy, or why it is done. But, it is done and its impelling motive is curiosity—"how I wonder what you are."

This is what R. Meldrum Stewart, head

of the Astronomical Branch of the Department of the Interior says:

"We scientific people like to believe that a properly guided and properly controlled curiosity is the highest gift of man. The uncontrollable urge to know—just for the sake of knowing—has been the guiding star of discovery all through the ages. No worth while advance in pure science (as distinguished from applied science) has ever been made with a practical end in view. Always it is the urge to know why, merely for the sake of knowing, that is the mainspring of discovery and advance in knowledge."

*"How I wonder what you are."*

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## WHAT IS A LINE ?

*By Corinne Mara*

THIS is not a fish story, as the title may indicate; and by a line, I don't mean that on which a hook is placed at the farthest extremity, and lowered into the water to trap a poor, little, defenceless, finny friend. No, by a line, I mean a clever group of words, which sometimes does trap the unwary fish, the human "fish." This line is multi-coloured, but the most popular shade is "deception." In case you've never heard of this particular shade, I'll try to give a general explanation.

A girl sees a boy. She likes him at first glance. If she had taken care to look again she wouldn't have liked him so well. What can one do about such a situation if one doesn't know the gentleman in question? Ah, a solution: An introduction might do the trick. The girl is introduced and this is where the line is thrown with the hope that the fish will soon be caught.

She says, "Where have you been all my sojourn on this earth?" He is dumbfounded. Again she speaks.

"What a big handsome man you are! I wish I were strong like you; but woe is me; I'm just a weak woman!"

Even though he is likely short, plump and homely, he will swallow it, hook, line and sinker. The fish is caught. He murmurs in her shell-pink ear, breathlessly—

"When may I see you?" She answers, "I'm living till we meet again."

He takes her to dinner, where he finds that she isn't such a weak little thing after all. He is made certain of this when he receives the check for the meal. She certainly must have been living till they met again. If she ate like this very often, he would be the dead one—dead broke.

If the young man could see himself as others do, he would have stitches from laughing. It is really very amusing to watch one of these so-called he-men go down for the count before a pink and white, golden-haired doll. The doll effect comes after years of painting and practice. No artist would take more pains with a picture, than she does.

After a short time, the young lady becomes tired of her latest catch. She looks around for a more likely fish. This one doesn't seem to be spending as much as he ought. The question now is—what will be the best way to ease off the case?



She will tell him that he just isn't her type. Another broken heart is added to her now already large collection. She has them, like an Indian of pioneer days would have scalps attached to his belt.

Here is a likely looking chap but she hasn't had the pleasure of meeting him. Well, that can soon be remedied. She is

introduced. She says, "Where have you been all my life?" He is dumbfounded. The same old line, tried out on someone new. It is an immediate success.

Another good man is taken for a ride and it is for him to find out whether there will be any returning.

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### "NO BRASS BANDS"

*By John Danner*

SCARCE twenty years ago, this country, along with many others, sent its fathers and its sons, its brothers and its sisters, to the field of battle. They left our homes and shores in a blaze of glory—bands playing, uniforms shining, the people cheering. Everywhere was a note of optimism, of confidence that the war would be of short duration. The insistence of the older generation, the patriotic talk of the country's officials, had produced in those bound for the front a feeling of pride, a feeling of prejudice, towards the people of the opposing nations.

The war lasted four years. During these years who may tell of the toil, pain, disillusion and death that our soldiers saw? Where, now, were the cheers of the crowd, the thrill of the band, the glitter of uniforms? Gone, and forgotten were they, shining caskets of the dread jewel of war, that strikes out with its myriad gleams, and blinds the eyes of the soul. Now they knew the real war, devoid of all sentiment and colour, destroyer of men and nations, corrupter of the mind and the soul.

They had reached for a glorious Light and had found a withering Flame.

Though Armistice was signed sixteen years ago, the war is with us yet. On all sides we have the weak, the helpless, the stumbling. Once those men were proud to have been among the first to enlist,—now, does Life hold nothing more for them but a twisted body, a lost future?

Here are living indictments against all future battle, and no man may brush them aside, and say, "It was but their fate," for though it was their ultimate end, it was man made, and for it man is responsible.

The war gave birth to a tidal wave of immorality that has not yet ceased sweeping this earth. Nations still stagger 'neath the lash of excess taxation imposed for the sake of paying for a four-year orgy of man's inhumanity to man.

We called that war "a war to end all war," yet, today, we stand on the threshold of another such cataclysm. The clouds of Mars again loom terrifying on the horizon. Shall we allow them to flow over us completely? Or will all humanity stand up, and say:

"The last struggle has shown us enough war. All its glamour does not equal a tenth of its terror. World leaders today, without exception, name Peace as the greatest requisite. Why, then, do we again hear talk of battle? For the sake of all civilization, this must not happen. It will not be a struggle to end war—we thought that of the last one. No longer will we allow ourselves to be the pawns of statesmen who sit back in their offices, while we fall and die in the fields of France, or the means by which industrial moguls become rich."

Not long ago, the attitude expressed in these words would have been branded "cowardly." Now they call it "progress."

Many of those who answered the call





had no desire to do so. They were buoyed up by the urgings of the old—and by the false glamour with which the war was surrounded. Both the inspired and the inspirers reaped a heavy harvest, bitter

and sorrowful. Surely they will not forget this, when the rumbles of battle again echo through the land.

There are no brass bands in No Man's Land.

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## WHAT SHALL WE READ?

*By Aleta Courtney*

ONE of the main reasons why we read is for pleasure and pastime, and as the majority of people come in this class, we must consider the popular novels which are for this purpose. It is difficult to form a proper estimate of the novels of our own day and so we are left to our own judgment. However, if we have the proper foundation in childhood we will have no desire for cheap literature. We can train our minds to discriminate by reading only the best and we will have disgust for anything less than that.

Then the more serious reader, especially those with a high school education, will want something for self improvement. This will differ according to the inclination of the reader as history, biography, science and geography are under this heading as well as the standard novels.

In public school days who has not read "Little Women," "Robinson Crusoe," "Anne of Green Gables," "Beautiful Joe" and dozens more? We could still read these books, with pleasure, and get new ideas from them now as we would view them from a different angle.

In high school days such standard novels as "David Copperfield," "Kidnaped," "Adam Bede" and "Quentin Durward" have taken up a great deal of our reading time. These books have proved their worth, by standing the test of time and it will take not one reading but several to get the best from them.

And now for the newer books. No doubt the names of Deeping, Fisher, Tarkington, Wells, Priestley and Kaye-Smith are familiar to all. Sheila Kaye-Smith

has a new book this year "The Ploughman's Progress." It is a story from the Sussex farmlands, showing how the changing times have affected the lives of the skilled farm hands of the Old Land. Priestley also has a new book "Wonder Hero"; a worthy successor to "The Good Companions" and "Angel Pavement."

Every household should subscribe to a good daily newspaper in order to keep in touch with public affairs. However, in most families too much time is spent in reading the details of crime and accidents, and in poring over unimportant news items and petty gossip. To counteract this, some good magazine should supply the deficit. Our Canadian magazines—"MacLean's", "Chatelaine", and the "Canadian" are bywords in our households.

In MacLean's there has been a series of articles on the "House of Hate," referring to Kingston Penitentiary. It describes the life inside the grey stone walls. As this is a subject much in the foreground it should be read by everyone, especially young people as it will be your responsibility to help better these conditions and you will be the ones to see the results. Once in a decade or so we have a book which is dynamite to our complacency—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the masterpiece of its day. To-day we have "Shackling the Transgressor" by Dr. Withrow, the inside story of Kingston Penitentiary, a tale of such injustice and brutality as to outrage the sensibilities of every one of us who realizes that the penal institutions of our country are supported by us and are our responsibility.



Another new book is on the market dealing with an equally important subject—the subject of war. “Cry Havoc” by Beverley Nichols is one book which we can not afford to miss. Stanley High in a current magazine articles writes, “A year ago in Europe the question was whether there was going to be another war. This year the question is when? The

fact is simply taken for granted!”

The war question or the mass murder of civilians as Nichols calls it, and the question of penitentiaries should be studied by all young people. What are your opinions on the subject? Can you discuss it intelligently? It is your problem and the decision rests with you.



GET A LONG LITTLE DOGGIE!

JOAN DAVID  
COM. II



### SEA OF THOUGHT

*Winner of the "Collegiate" Poetry Competition*

From a silver ship with a star-beam mast  
And gossamer sails, my nets are cast.

And what shall I find in the wide, dark, sea?  
What will my nets bring back for me?

A dream in silver and amethyst?  
A memory wrapped in pearl-grey mist?

Or out of the sea my nets may bring  
The song that the waves to the sea-gulls sing.

Or pictures that shine with a rosy light,  
The magic of day as it blends with night.

Or a twinkling star as a gift from the sky,  
Or the roll of the sea in a lullaby.

What have I caught in the mystic sea?  
My nets are threaded with melody.

So back I'll drift o'er the silver foam  
With a cargo of beautiful thoughts for a poem.

—Joan David.

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### THE SEA

He hurls his breakers o'er the rocks—  
The wind and the earth and the sky he mocks—  
He stretches his fingers far and wide  
And grasps what he may with the flowing tide.



He hugs the shore on a windless day—  
 A sullen sentinel, silent and gray.  
 He sighs and he cries and his heaving breast  
 Sullenly pleads for eternal rest.

—*Helen Holton.*

—♦♦♦—  
 SUMMER SUNSET

The day is ended, and now I see  
 The children and the workers homeward bound.  
 The streets are filled with slanted gold,  
 Fingers of the ruddying west, and now  
 A breath of breeze, sprung from the darkening north,  
 Sweeps the heat-burdened city, and the birds,  
 Home-hastening, fill the welcome shadows with their song.  
 Across the lake azure in the cooling dusk  
 The steamers plough, rubied in the after-glow.  
 The gulls tinged purple against the horizon dark  
 Scream and swoop, then pierce the ruffled blue  
 Beneath them, and, taloning a fish arise,  
 Silver gleaming in the twilight's glow.  
 Now from afar there comes to me  
 The twinkle of lights, man-made,  
 Bordering the river, shaping the town  
 In sparkling outline,—glass flowers  
 Night blooming and day dying.  
 The ferries plough the river's flesh,  
 But ere they are long gone,  
 The rippled wounds are healed  
 The white blood fades, and above the stream  
 The moon, empress of the skies  
 Takes up her husband's vigil,  
 Amidst her court of satellites.  
 From behind, there come the sounds  
 Of the summer concert  
 In the cool, green park beyond.  
 To it, a refuge from the grimy heat of concrete streets  
 As weary travellers from a heated desert  
 Feel a sheltering oasis, the city's people come;  
 And so, as clouds move o'er the silvery moon  
 The summer twilight draws nigh to dark  
 Lost in the swaying shadows  
 And dusky streets, that echo sweet  
 The souls and music of the shadowed night.

—*John Danner.*



## EVENSONG

I love to sit at my window  
 When twilight gilds the sky  
 And think of the deeds I've committed  
 In the fleeting hours gone by.  
 Many mistakes I've made, O Lord,  
 Along with the good I've done  
 But may I find at the end of my day,  
 A crown and a victory won.

—C. Kerr.

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## GYPSIES

I like to think of Gypsies  
 About the break of day  
 Snatching a hurried breakfast  
 Eager to be away.  
 Dogs are excitedly barking,  
 Men run to and fro,  
 The horses stamp impatient  
 They, too, are keen to go.

I like to think of Gypsies  
 Around a fire at night,  
 The flickering shadows 'round them  
 Made by the flickering light;  
 And Gypsy maidens dancing  
 To a fiddle's lilting tune,  
 Their beauty so entrancing  
 Beneath the stars of June.

I like to think of Gypsies  
 Meandering along the road  
 Their caravans always moving—  
 They have no fixed abode.  
 From day to day they travel  
 They journey on their way;  
 Without a destination—  
 They stay where'er they may.

Oh, would I were a Gypsy  
 To capture Sweet Romance!  
 To live a life of gladness  
 Filled with song and dance!  
 I long to hear and follow  
 The pipes of Pan, who plays  
 To summon all the Gypsies,  
 His children of the ways.

—Marie Hargrove.

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## LINES

There is a silence in the rose arbour, for it is moonlight  
 And the roses are asleep—or not asleep  
 For a whispering breaks the stillness.  
 Perhaps a secret, or else a love tryst, faithfully kept—  
 A ripple breaks the surface of the silvery pool,  
 And again is silence. A frog croaks gruffly in the willow weeds,  
 And a cloud steals over the surface of the moon.  
 A rose murmurs softly in its dreaming,  
 A stoat glides smoothly through the bushes behind—  
 A young bird twitters in the boughs above  
 And a snake glides softly in the grass below.  
 There is a patter upon the leaves, and the sweet spring rain  
 Comes like the soft white fingers of a little child  
 To caress the lovely sweetness of the summer's night.

—R. Coveney.



## DAY

All through the day—  
 God gives us beauties to behold;  
 He sends the dawn  
 To wake the earth with fingers gold.  
 He robes the hills  
 With sparkling gems of dew  
 And gathers them all up again  
 Ere morn is through.

He sends the noon—  
 With life and laughter at its best;  
 Shepherd and dog  
 Pause beneath the trees to rest;  
 The distant hills  
 Are shimmering blue like far-off skies  
 And clover fields  
 Alive with golden butterflies.

The afternoon—  
 When sunbeams kiss the drowsy glade,  
 The cattle now  
 Seek comfort in the cool of purple shade.  
 The mottled shadows  
 Dance upon green field and running brook.  
 What beauties  
 God has sent if we but look!

The eventide—  
 Splendid, with western skies ablaze,  
 Far toward the east,  
 The moon hangs wan within the haze.  
 The crimson flames  
 Sink lower, lower, till a spark,  
 A crimson streak;  
 Deepening purple smoke and then—the dark.

—Joan David.



## THE SECRET LAKE

Have you ever been, in early June,  
 By a hidden lake, where the cry of the loon,  
 Mournfully sends its throaty call  
 Of challenge to you, one and all?  
 Across the shimmering silvery lake  
 Where the first dull flush of day will break  
 O'er the lofty mountain peaks,



Tinted with mauve and golden streaks,  
 Lordly guardians of untold wealth,  
 In beauty never found in self,  
 With glory rarely seen by man,  
 And, like the immortal Peter Pan,  
 Joyous, rapturous music came  
 Across the Lake without a Name.  
 Created by angel, sung by bird,  
 No mortal could capture the strain I heard,  
 No artist could paint the colours there;  
 For this was God's Palette, with beauty rare.  
 Wild, untamed treasures are hidden here  
 For those who seek God, who would be near  
 To Him, away from the world of strife:  
 For those who are seeking real things in life  
 Let them come to this inland sea  
 And they will have joy and peace and be free.  
 A paradise created by God,  
 His evidence is in the sod,  
 And in the air where bird and bee  
 Flit busily from tree to tree,  
 Where the first rays of the sun come peeping o'er,  
 The mountains and the wood-hemmed shore.  
 This is the world I love so much  
 And yet by man it is untouched.

—Violet Wareham.

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## SUNSETS

I saw sunset on mountains bleak,  
 Like flaming torches, every peak,  
 Lit by the touch of the fiery sun,  
 Announcing to night, "Day is done."

I saw to the north a golden glow  
 Casting blue shadows over the snow,  
 Paving my way with ruddy light,  
 Saying, "Go home, soon will come night."

I saw the sunset sparkle and gleam  
 On southern seas where islands dream,  
 Where languid waves sing to the deep,  
 "O Neptune, now 'tis time for sleep."

I saw sunset on the garden wall  
 Kissing the flowers one and all,  
 Whispering to each, lowest and best,  
 "Close, fair blossom, 'tis time for rest."

I saw dark smoke-stacks pierce the sky,  
 Heard traffic zooming a lullaby,  
 Telling the buildings old and grey,  
 "Look to the sky, gone is day."

I have seen sunset on swaying palm,  
 On tossing pine, in storm and calm;  
 I know not where it sets most fair—  
 Sunset is beautiful everywhere.

—Joan David.





# modern languages

## TROP TARD

"Jean," dit Marguerite à son mari, "regarde cette belle dame là-bas. C'est une Anglaise."

"Oui Marguerite," répondit Jean. "Elle est très belle. Mais je pense que tu es aussi belle qu'elle."

"Peut-être que je serais belle si j'avais une robe magnifique comme elle" dit Marguerite.

"Ah, mon amie, quand nous serons riches je t'achèterai une robe comme celle-là," répondit Jean riant.

Marguerite et Jean étaient habitants qui demeuraient en Québec et aujourd'hui ils passaient quelques heures à Montréal. Marguerite n'allait jamais à la ville sans rentrer à sa pauvre maison, voulant qu'elle fût riche et qu'elle pût avoir de beaux vêtements.

Les années passèrent, quinze années peut-être. Jean et Marguerite ne demeureraient plus à la campagne, mais ils demeureraient à Montréal. Ils étaient devenus riches. Jean avait une bonne place à

Montréal mais ils demeuraient encore à la mode des paysans. Marguerite portait encore des robes des paysannes. Un jour, elle dit à Jean "Te souviens-tu de cette dame que nous avons vue il y a quelques ans quand nous étions à Montréal un jour? Tu te rappelles la dame avec la belle robe?"

Jean pensait pendant quelques minutes, et puis il dit, "Oui Marguerite, je me souviens d'elle."

"Et te souviens-tu que tu as dit que tu m'en achèterais une quand nous serions riches. Maintenant nous sommes riches," continua Marguerite.

Jean ne dit rien tout de suite. Mais il baissa la tête et au bout de quelque temps il répondit, sans la regarder, "Mais Marguerite, nous ne sommes pas trop riches. On ne sait jamais quand nous aurons besoin d'argent. Je pense que tu devrais attendre jusqu'à ce que nous devenions plus riches, n'est-ce pas?"

"Peut-être que oui," répondit Margue-





rite toujours patiente.

Encore cinq ans passèrent. Marguerite et Jean étaient devenus de plus en plus riches, mais Marguerite n'avait pas encore obtenu sa robe. Elle ne la demanda plus à son mari. Elle feignit être contente de son sort.

Un jour Marguerite devint malade. Pendant deux mois elle souffrait. Puis un après-midi la crise vint. On envoya chercher Jean. Jean se précipita au côté du lit de sa femme.

"Marguerite, ah ma chère Marguerite, ne puis-je pas faire quelque chose pour toi?" haleta Jean.

"Jean, te souviens-tu de cette Anglaise

avec la belle robe? Va à La Shoppe française, s'il te plaît et achète-moi une robe comme celle-là.

Malgré lui les larmes roulaient sur les joues de Jean comme il sortit de la salle. Une heure plus tard il rentra au chevet de sa femme avec un carton. Il l'ouvrit et voilà une très belle robe, plus belle que celle de l'Anglaise.

Marguerite ouvrit ses yeux. Elle toucha la robe doucement et elle dit d'une voix heureuse "Merci Jean."

Et comme son mari se tenait là, les larmes aux yeux elle mourut—mais elle mourut souriant.

—Wilma M. Milliken.

### LES PERLES

Il y avait une fois une jolie jeune fille Marie, qui n'avait ni mère ni père. Elle demeurait chez une dame riche qui était toujours malade. Elle était toujours méchante de sorte que la vie de la jeune fille n'était pas agréable.

Marie aime beaucoup dessiner et elle dessinait chaque fois qu'elle avait le temps. Un jour la dame riche la laissa dessiner son image.

Après quelques jours la dame riche ne pouvait pas trouver ses perles. Elle les cherchait partout. Puis elle dit à Marie, "Vous avez volé mes perles; vous êtes la seule personne qui savait où étaient mes perles.

—Mais non, s'écria Marie, je ne sais où elles sont."

Cependant elle ne pouvait pas convain-

cre la dame riche. Celle-ci l'a congédiée. Marie prit seulement ce dont elle avait besoin pour exister. Elle était très triste parce qu'elle ne savait pas ce qu'elle allait faire.

Les semaines passaient et Marie réussit à trouver une place dans un bureau. En travaillant dur, elle pouvait joindre les deux bouts.

Un jour la dame riche trouva des images que Marie avait dessinées.

"Ma foi, dit-elle, voici nom image. Quand a-t-elle, dessiné celle-ci? Quelle expression singulière que j'ai sur mon visage! Je m'en souviens! Ce jour-là j'ai cassé mes perles. Je les ai mises dans une bouteille pour les envoyer au joaillier!

—Clara Kerr, 5-A.

### LE PANIER MAGIQUE

Il y avait une fois, un vieil homme et sa femme qui demeuraient dans une cave en pleine montagne au Japon. Ils étaient très pauvres mais ce qu'ils avaient, ils voulaient partager avec quelqu'un ou quelqu'une plus pauvres qu'eux-mêmes.

Le vieux aimait bien les oiseaux. En hiver il leur donnait à manger toujours à

l'entrée de la cave. Un jour quand il alla à ses oiseaux, il trouva un petit passereau, presque mort de froid.

Quand il l'apporta chez lui, sa femme dit.

"Voilà encore une bouche qu'il nous faudra remplir."

Cependant le petit oiseau apprit à man-



ger dans la main du vieux, et à venir quand il l'appela.

Le printemps venu, le passereau s'en vola. D'abord il revenait s'il faisait froid, mais un jour il s'en vola et il ne revint pas.

La femme et son mari étaient bien fâchés, parce qu'ils l'aimaient beaucoup. De jour en jour, ils attendaient son retour, mais l'oiseau ne vint jamais.

C'était un jour en automne quand le vieux s'égara en rentrant chez lui. Il pensa qu'il entendit le gazouillement d'un passereau. En le suivant, il se trouva dans une belle ville. Il y était une compagnie de jeunes gens, richement habillés. Mais ils n'avaient pas la tête d'un homme, ils avaient la tête d'un passereau! Un d'eux l'appela. Le vieux était bien étonné. Puis l'homme qui lui avait parlé, lui dit qu'il était le passereau que le vieux avait pro-

tégé pendant l'hiver.

Le jeune prince l'amena au palais royal et lui donna de bonnes choses à manger.

La nuit venue, le vieux voulait partir. On lui donna beaucoup de cadeaux. Mais il les refusa, en disant qu'il ne désirait rien qu'un simple panier pour sa femme. Le prince l'accompagna jusqu'à sa porte, et puis il s'évanouit.

Il raconta son histoire à sa femme. Elle était dédaigneuse et dit,

"Au moins, ils pouvaient l'avoir rempli. —C'était ma faute, je crains, dit-il. J'aurais dû demander un petit gâteau pour toi."

Et voilà! dans le panier un gâteau. Tout ce qu'ils désiraient ils trouvaient dans le panier. C'était, en effet, un panier magique!

—Jean Tyrie, 5B.

### SAINTE GENEVIÈVE

Ily avait bien longtemps une petite fille nommée Geneviève qui demeurait avec son père et sa mère dans une maison de plaisance au sud de la France. Elle était aimée de tout le monde à cause de son bon cœur et sa magnanimité.

A la mort de ses parents Geneviève, maintenant une jeune fille, ramassa ses vêtements et d'autres choses et alla à Paris pour passer sa vie parmi les gens qui avaient les mêmes goûts qu'elle-même. Toutes les nuits elle écoutait les histoires que les voyageurs racontèrent des invasions des Huns sur la frontière de l'est. De temps en temps, l'avancement des Huns dans le pays força beaucoup de gens de leurs maisons dans la grande ville.

Enfin ils purent voir les villages brûlants au lointain. Puis le gouverneur appela tous les gens ensemble dans la place du maché et il leur ordonna de prendre les armes et de se préparer à livrer bataille aux Huns. Après un peu de réflexion, la courageuse Geneviève pria le

gouverneur de lui permettre de parler aux gens. Elle leur raconta que les Huns étaient plus puissants qu'eux et qu'ils ne peuvent pas espérer vaincre cette nation puissante. Elle dit donc "Fermez les portes et apportez tout le blé des environs dans la ville. Il y a beaucoup d'Huns. Ils n'auront rien à manger. Nous aurons l'abondance dans la ville et forcément ils s'en iront!" D'une voix haute les gens acclamèrent ce projet et le gouverneur leur ordonna de l'effectuer en disant que ces mots étaient sages.

Puis dans toute la ville, dans les environs, les paysans étaient occupés à apporter la farine et le blé dans la ville. Les filles amenèrent les cochons et les boeufs. Enfin tout fut tout prêt pour le siège.

Le lendemain à midi, les Huns s'approchaient de la ville et Geneviève alla au gouverneur et dit "Les gens de la ville et de la campagne sont-ils venus à l'intérieur des murs?" Après avoir appris que tous les gens y étaient, le gouverneur ordonna



de fermer et de barrer les portes. Mais Geneviève l'interrompit pour demander si les ponts sur le fleuve avaient été détruits. D'abord les hommes de Paris opposèrent ce projet mais quand elle leur montra la fumée des villages qui flambaient, ils comprirent sa prudence et ils détruisirent les ponts. Finalement les portes furent fermées et tous les gens attendaient les Huns.

Le troisième jour les grands wagons des Huns se ramassèrent sur les plaines de l'autre côté du fleuve devant Paris. Ils sont gens blonds et ils portèrent des habits du poil. Ils mangèrent la chair crue des ani-

maux. Pendant longtemps ils tâchaient de traverser le fleuve rapide et dans les murs, Geneviève distribuait journellement des vivres aux femmes. Pourtant, chaque jour, il devient plus difficile pour la grande armée de trouver du blé et après un long siège, il fallut que l'ennemi battissent en retraite à leur pays. Ainsi, Paris était sauvé.

Pour le reste de sa vie les Parisiens louèrent Geneviève car en réalité, elle sauva Paris d'un grand désastre à cause de sa prudence simple. De ce jour-là, on l'a proclamée la patronne de Paris.

—Fred B. Rainsberry, V-A.

Il y a une chose qu'un homme peut faire qu'une femme ne peut pas faire—il peut passer par une devanture sans y regarder.

\* \* \* \*

"Que fais-tu là dans cette pluie, mon petit gars?—Oh, je me suis sauvé parce que maman voulait me faire baigner."

\* \* \* \*

"Voulez-vous me donner un kilo de raisins, madame?—Blanc ou noir, ma mignonne? Oh! ça ne fait rien, c'est pour un aveugle!"

\* \* \* \*

"Vous devriez faire assurer votre mari sur la vie!—Ce serait de l'argent jeté par la fenêtre; je n'ai jamais eu de chance dans ma vie."

### SOLLEN WIR DEUTSCH LERNEN?—EIN GESPRACH

"Guten Tag, Ludwig, es freut mich sehr Sie zu sehen. Haben Sie sich diesen Sommer gut amüsiert?"

"Jawohl, Sebastian, dieser Sommer gefiel mir sehr aber ich freue mich zur Schule zurückzukehren und die anderen wieder zu sehen. Und Sie? Was taten Sie?"

"Oh sehr wenig. Ich war im Norden an unserem See. Unsere Familie geht, ja, jedes Jahr da, and wir kommen niemals nach Hause gern."

"Natürlich. Ich verstehe es. Aber wenn wir hier in die heiße Stadt kommen müssen, müssen wir davon das Beste machen, nicht? Welche Studien werden Sie dieses Jahr nehmen, Sebastian? Ich glaube, dasz wir zwischen Chemie und Deutsch

wählen dürfen. Nehmen Sie doch Deutsch mit mir."

"Nimmer. Ich weisz ganz genug von Deutsch, Deutschland und den Deutschen. Sie nahmen meinen einzigen Bruder als er nur ein Knabe war, und in kurzen Worten, kann die Chemie sehr schlecht sein: aber sie wird viel besser als Deutsch sein. Warum ziehen Sie Deutsch vor?"

"Nun gut! Wir werden nicht davon verhandeln aber ich wünsche, dasz Sie heute Abend bei mir kommen würden. Der Herr Professor Patterson wird da sein. Er ist ein guter Freund von meinem Vater und ich denke, dasz er Ihnen besser als ich wird sagen können, alles über Deutschland, was ich wahr zu sein weisz."



"Alles in Ordnung! Danke schön. Ich gehe immer bei Ihnen gern. Vielleicht wird Ihr Vater uns Geschichten vom Grossen Krieg erzählen. Sie sind immer so interessant, nicht wahr?"

"Vielleicht, ich weiss nicht. Persönlich gefallen mir solche Geschichten nicht. Ich möchte den Krieg vergessen und die besten Dinge von einer Nation anschauen. Aber da sind wir schon und ich musz gehen. Ich werde Sie heute Abend erwarten!"

Später kommen Sebastian und der Herr Professor, Ludwig, und sein Vater in die Bibliothek des Ludwigs Hauses zusammen. Da brannte ein Feuer und es schien, als ob sie einen sehr angenehmen Abend haben würden.

Ludwig sprach, "Mein Vater erinnern Sie sich eines Abends als Sie und der Herr Professor und ich hier waren und Sie von Deutschland sprachen? Wollen Sie so gut sein, wieder zu sagen alles was Sie dann sagten. Sebastian und ich haben daran viele Interesse und da ich morgen Deutsch zu studieren anfangen werde, wollte ich mehr von Deutschland hören—und einige Gedichte bitte."

"Erst heute", fing der Vater an "las ich einen Artikel an deutsche Kultur aus dem "Canadian Forum" von Cecil Lewis. Lassen Sie mir ein biszchen davon vorlesen. "Der Deutsche ist ein starker, furchtloser, blonder Teutone mit einer unerschöpflichen Freude in dem Kampf mit einer beispiellosen Schaffendkraft in dem Reich von den Künsten . . . ."

"Sehen Sie, in jenen wenigen Worten haben wir viel—mit einer beispiellosen Schaffendkraft in dem Reich von den Künsten." Sie wissen alle, dasz Deutschland mehr berühmte Musiker zu der Welt gegeben hat, als irgend ein Land. Ueberall hört man die Fugen von Bach, die Sonaten von Beethoven, die Lieder von Schubert und Mendelssohn, den unsterblichen Messias von Handel und die Opern von Wagner, und die Walzer von Strauss, jede Sorte der Musik—das ist

ja gute Musik. Wo auch immer gute Musik gespielt wird, hört man von deutschen Komponisten—in der Kirche, im Theater und jetzt durch das Radio. Die ganze Welt stellt Deutschland im Reich der Musik, in den ersten Rang. Mit der Musik, ist die deutsche Poesie fest verbunden. Aber Herr Professor, Sie können uns besser davon sprechen, bitte, ich habe ganz genug gesagt."

"Ich musz gut reden, um solch einem Sprecher zu folgen. Aber die deutsche Poesie gefällt mir, mehr als irgend eine Sorte von der Literatur. Es gibt etwas darin, was ich niemals werde erklären können—aber in den deutschen Gedichten sind so viele Kennzeichen von Leben im allgemeinen und doch könnten sie im Leben von irgend jemand sein." Nun nehmen Sie das Gedicht "Du bist wie eine Blume" von Heinrich Heine. Irgend ein Mensch der vor sich ein Kind sieht musz immer diese Gedanken haben. Aber so wenige von uns können sie hinreichend äuszern, dasz wenn wir sie vor uns so schön und vollständig geäuszert finden, lesen wir sie immer gern. Der grosze Goethe ist durch seine Gedichte unsterblich geworden. Das majestätische "Wenn der uralte heilige Vater" und das herzbrechende und rührende "Erlkönig" sind ganz unvergleichlich. Die Poesie von Deutschland hat etwas darin, was so einfach gesagt ist und doch so viele bedeutet! Ich denke, dasz wir in der deutschen Poesie finden, dasz nach alledem die einfachsten Dinge die besten sind."

"Mein vater, es gibt ein Gedicht, das Sie mir oft vorlasen—"Die Lorelei." Ist Goethe der Dichter davon?"

"Nein, Ludwig, Heine hat es geschrieben und es ist sehr wohlbekannt. Wenn man auf dem Rhein fährt und zu dem Lorelei Felsen kommt, hört man immer. "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten" aus den Schiffen auf dem Flusse. Aber das bringt man zu den Volkssagen—einem wichtigen Teil des Lebens von einer Nation, besonders von einer, die so alt wie



die deutsche ist. Das Märchen ist vielleicht die bekannteste Geschichte von Deutschland. Es sind darin, die Romanze, das Übernatürliche, das Trauerspiel und die Schönheit.

Natürlich kennt jedermann das Märchen, das die Stadt Hameln berühmt machte. "Der Pfeifer von Hameln." Es ist sehr alt, in der Tat ist es sechshundertfünfzig Jahre seitdem Musik in den Strassen von Hameln gehört worden ist. Das Märchen kann oder kann nicht wahr sein, aber dieser alte Brauch ist noch gehalten. Die Kinder von der ganzen Welt kennen die Erzählung und es ist in viele Sprachen übersetzt worden. Wie die deutsche Musik und die deutsche Poesie sind die deutschen Volkssagen über die Welt bekannt.

Der Knabe Sebastian sagte nichts. Er hatte vieles Interessantes von Deutschland gehört. War würde er tun? Konnte

er vergessen, alles was er durch sein ganzes Leben gelehrt worden war? Aber er wollte doch glauben, was er gehört hatte. Das Unterrichten und die Umgebung waren für seine Stellung sehr tadelnswert aber was soll er tun? Und was sollen wir alle tun? Sollen wir Deutschland mit all seiner grossen Kultur und seiner schönen Gemütlichkeit annehmen oder sollen wir uns immer den Greuel und das Herzeleid von vier Jahren erinnern? Es ist für uns zu wählen und hoffentlich werden wir uns nicht irren. Wir müssen aufhören, die deutsche Jugend von heute zu tadeln, für alles was ihre Väter machten. Ein Verstand von Deutschland und den Deutschen wird gemacht werden, wenn wir seine Musik und Literatur studieren und dann und erst dann werden Hasz and Krieg und Blutvergieszen vergessen sein.

—Margaret Eacrett, V-A.

#### DIE STELLE AN DER WANDKARTE

Gretchen Schultz machte ihren Weg durch die Menge Leute die vor der Kirche stand. Als sie auf der Strasse war, lief sie schnell nach Hause. Dann und wann riefen die Nachbarn zu ihr aus den Automobilen, aber sie schüttelte nur den Kopf und ging schnell weiter.

"Ich wollte nicht Olga Kalbfleisch sehen, weil sie will, dasz ich Pasteten für den Festtag mache," sagte sie bei sich indem sie durch die Tür des Hauses eintritt.

"Jemand will immer etwas. Warum sollte ich all die Pasteten machen? Warum sollte ich spielen, wenn man Musik braucht?"

Die Wände gaben keine Antwort.

"Wenn Hans nach Hause kommt, dient ihn jedermann, aber wer macht ein einziges Ding für mich?"

Keine geschriebene Antwort erschien an den Wänden.

"Hat meine Musik mir viel Geld und fleissige Arbeit nicht gekostet? Ich mag nicht Musik—ich mag schreiben."

Nachdem sie die Gelegenheit aufgab, mit dem wundersamen Meister Ostender zu studieren, gab ihr Gretchens Vater die Reisekarte zur Stadt zu gehen, wo sie all ihre Zeit für das Schreiben verbringen könnte. Schmidts gaben ihr einen Willkommen und sie spielte für sie den ersten Abend—sie spielte eben besser als bevor.

"Du sollst den wundersamen Meister Ostender sehen, mein Kind. Wenn nur—" sagte Herr Schmidt.

Er ist diesen Winter in unserer Stadt. Er wollte mich lehren, aber ich will ja schreiben."

Gretchens beschränkte Fähigkeit zu schreiben zeigte bald, dasz es für sie auf diese Weise zu verblieben unnütz war. Sie arbeitete fleissig; sie wohnte den Konzerten und Parteien bei. Und so trieb der Winter, interessant genug, aber vollständig unbefriedigend.

Dann kam eines Tages ein Brief von Olga:

"Ich hoffe, dasz Du alles gefunden



hast, was Du wolltest. Ich habe gesucht, Deine Mutter fröhlich zu machen. Ich lese ihr jeden Tag vor und helfe ihr spazieren, weil sie, wunderbar genug, in der Dunkelheit besser sehen kann."

Sogleich schien es der Gretchen, dasz ein Haus von Papier auf ihren Kopf gefallen war. Der nächste Zug trug sie nach der Heimat und während der langen Reise dachte sie viel.

Als sie zur Tür des Zimmers ihrer Mutter stand, sah sie die Augen, worin keine Anerkennung war.

"Bist du es, Gretchen Lieblings?"

Die folgenden Tage waren mit Pflichten gefüllt aber Gretchen fand die Zeit ihre Stunden von dem Meister zu nehmen. Die Zeit kam für die Operation ihrer Mutter und wieder konnte sie sehen. Jetzt kannte Gretchen das Glück, das von

dem Wissen vollständig gemacht wurde, dasz sie hatte helfen können, wenn man sie brauchte.

Eines schönen Morgens hörte Gretchen die Stimme ihrer Freundin Olga, indem das Mädchen in das Haus eintritt.

"Was machst du, Gretchen?"

"Ich denke. Ich brauchte den ganzen Winter um zu lernen, dasz diese eine grosse Welt ist und dasz ich—Gretchen Schultz—keine solche grosse Stelle an der Wandkarte bin. Wir sind nur in der kleinen Ecke wichtig, wo wir gehören.

"Ich möchte mehr hören, aber ich will dich nur fragen, wenn du uns einige Pasteten für den Festtag machen willst."

"Pasteten? Jawohl, wie viele?" antwortete Gretchen glücklich.

—Gladys Hannam.

#### DAS BACHLEIN

Du Bächlein silberhell und klar  
Du eilst vorüber immerdar  
Am Ufer steh' ich sinn und sinn  
Wo kommst du her, wo gehst du hin?

Ich komm' aus dunkler Felsen Schosz.  
Mein Lauf geht über Blum und Moos  
Auf meiner Spiegel schwebt so mild  
Des blauen Himmels freundlich' Bild.

Drum hab' ich frohen Kindersinn  
Es treibt mich fort weisz nicht wohin  
Der mich gerufen aus dem Stein,  
Der, denk ich, wird mein Führer sein.

—Goethe.

Du bist wie eine Blume  
So hold und schön und rein  
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut  
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände  
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt;  
Betend dasz Gott dich erhalte  
So rein und schön und hold.

—Heine.

#### THE BROOKLET

Thou brooklet silver bright and clear  
Thou hastenest past forever, here  
On thy banks I ponder—so—  
Whence comest thou and where dost go?

I come from the heart of rocks and gloom  
My course goes over moss and bloom  
The pictures of the clear blue sky  
Quietly on my surface lie.

So is my mind childlike and free  
I go to an unknown destiny  
He, who summoned me on my way,  
I know will guide me day by day.

—Margaret Eacrett.

Like a blossom child, thou art  
So pure and beautiful and fair;  
I look on thee and in my heart  
There steals a sadness there.

If on thy head my hands I placed  
It seems that I should pray to God  
That He would keep you thus, always  
So pure, so beautiful and so good.

—Margaret Eacrett



## MEIN KIND, WIR WAREN KINDER

Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder,  
Zwei Kinder, klein und froh;  
Wir krochen ins Hühnerhäuschen  
Versteckten uns unter das Stroh.

Wir krächten wie die Hähne,  
Und kamen Leute vorbei—  
"Kikeriki" sie glaubten,  
Es wäre Hahnengeschrei.

Die Kisten auf unserem Hofe  
Die tapezierten wir aus,  
Und wohnten drin beisammen  
Und machten ein vornehmes Haus.

Des Nachbars alte Katze  
Kam öfters zum Besuch;  
Wir machten ihr Bückling' und Knickse  
Und Komplimente genug.

Wir haben nach ihrem Befinden  
Besorglich und freundlich gefragt;  
Wir haben seitdem dasselbe  
Mancher alten Katze gesagt.

Wir saßen auch oft und sprachen  
Vernünftig, wie alte Leut',  
Und klagten, wie alles besser  
Gewesen zu unserer Zeit;

Wie Lieb' und Treu' und Glauben  
Verschwunden aus der Welt,  
Und Wie so teuer der Kaffee,  
Und wie so rar das Geld!—

Vorbei sind die Kinderspiele,  
Und alles rollt vorbei,—  
Das Geld und die Welt und die Zeiten,  
Und Glauben und Lieb' and Treu'.

—Heine.

## MY CHILD, WE ONCE WERE CHILDREN

My child we once were children,  
Two children small and gay,  
We would creep into the hen-house,  
To hide beneath the hay.

We crowed just like the roosters  
And when the folks came by,  
"Cock-a-doodle-doo",—they thought  
It was the rooster's cry.

The boxes in our court-yard  
We covered with paper o'er,  
And there we sat together  
So often, before the door.

The old cat of our neighbours  
Came oft to see us there,  
We made her bows and curtsies  
And compliments, so fair.

We asked how she was feeling  
In an anxious pleasant tone,  
But we have, since our childhood,  
Many an old cat known.

We often sat and chatted  
Sensibly like old folk,  
And complained how all was better  
In the days of which we spoke.

How love and truth and innocence  
Have disappeared from earth  
And just how rare the money is,  
How much the coffee's worth.

Gone are our childish playtimes  
And everything rolls past  
Nor gold, the world, nor truth, nor love  
Nor time nor faith can last.

—Helen Pelling, 3-A.





## COMMENCEMENT

IN encouraging contrast to the previous year a large audience attended the Commencement Exercises held in the school auditorium on the eve of December 22.

Dr. W. D. Logie made the introductory remarks of the evening, welcoming back the graduates and encouraging those still attending the school.

Mr. Asbury then commented on the year's work at the school. He expressed satisfaction that, despite decreased expenditures, the scholastic and athletic endeavour remained of the highest.

"The Advantages of a Liberal Education" was the topic of an address by Mr. L. A. Packard, Superintendent of Port Huron schools. In it stress was laid upon the fact that text books are not the only source of education and that much must be gathered from life itself.

This year's valedictory was given by David Gordon Ritchie, distinguished

graduate, who outlined a graduate's reflections on leaving his school and the new outlook he acquired.

During the presentation of various athletic and scholastic awards, Arthur Hueston, on behalf of the Senior Rugby Team, presented "Mike" Fitzgibbon, coach, with a cigarette case and lighter.

David Gordon Ritchie headed the list in scholastic honours being awarded several scholarships. John Franklin Myles Leckie and Clara Kerr were also the proud receivers of scholarships.

Field Day winners, Debaters, the School Orchestra, the Gymnastic Team, First Aid Teams, the Cadet Corps and special award winners were praised for their fine work.

Throughout the program musical selections were rendered by the School Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Brush and dances were given by the girls under Miss Ramsden.







## FIRST FORM LITERARY SOCIETY

Standing—Dorothy Baker, Jack Craig.  
Seated—Alice McKeown, Esther McMahan, Miss Weir, R. LeSueur.

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## FIRST FORM LITERARY SOCIETY

Honorary President—Miss Weir  
President—Jack Craig  
Vice-President—Esther McMahan  
Secretary-Treasurer—Alice McKeown  
Pianist—Winnifred Durnford  
Chairman of Program Committee—Olive Mathers  
Members of Program Committee—Carrie Durance, Dorothy Baker  
Dick LeSueur, Alex Norris

On December of the last year, the first form representatives met and elected the above executive.

During the latter part of January, the program committee held a meeting, the purpose of which was to fix dates for fu-

ture literary meetings. At the time of writing, but one meeting of the entire Society has been held. This was on January 29th. At this gathering, speeches and musical numbers were given.



### SECOND FORM LITERARY SOCIETY

Standing—T. Leckie, L. Craig, Betty Stamm, Jean Timpson, Margaret Smith, E. Lucas, A. Bedard.  
Seated—Marion Dawson, J. Kirk, Donna Clements (pres.), Mr. Adie, Jean Rainsberry, A. Lott, Olga Mackey.

### SECOND FORM LITERARY SOCIETY

#### EXECUTIVE

Honorary President—Mr. Adie    President—Donna Clements    Vice-President—Angus Lott  
Secretary—Betty Stamm    Treasurer—Olga Mackey  
Tech. Girl Representative—Jean Rainsberry    Tech. Boys Representative—Max Craig  
Pianist—Alex. Bedard

As has been its policy in former years, the Second form Literary Society has again attempted to present as varied a programme of activities as possible.

This season the executive staff was not chosen until December with Mr. Adie as

Honorary President. The first meeting was held in the latter part of January at which a play, "The Oak Settle," was presented by 2C Collegiate. There were also several musical numbers.

### PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

Among the Senior Girls, Clara Kerr ranked second in the Wossa contest, speaking on "Use and Abuse of High School Sports" while among the Juniors, Elizabeth McTavish of Stratford C. I. won first place with the subject "Preservation of the Wealth of a Nation."

Ray Keelan won third place in the Ju-

nior Boys' Contest. He had chosen for his subject "Recent Advances in Medicine."

Among the Senior Girls and Boys of this year Kathryn Hayes and John Danner were both awarded second place in the district final.



## PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING CLUB

Back Row—J. Harvey, R. Coveney, K. Dagg, D. Hunt, L. Hossie, J. Thain.  
 Middle Row—Marion Payne, R. Pearson, Muriel Bell, J. Danner, Marie Forbes, J. Clunie, Jean Phillips, W. Wooley, Jean Tyrie, Helen Cruickshank.  
 Front Row—Millicent MacGregor, R. Anderson, Kathryn Hayes, Geraldine Whitcombe, Mr. Asbury, L. Hall, Mr. Payne, Helen Morrison, M. Ramsay.

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## PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING CLUB

Honorary President—Mr. Payne

President—Lawrence Hall

Vice-President—Roger Anderson

Secretary—Jean Phillips

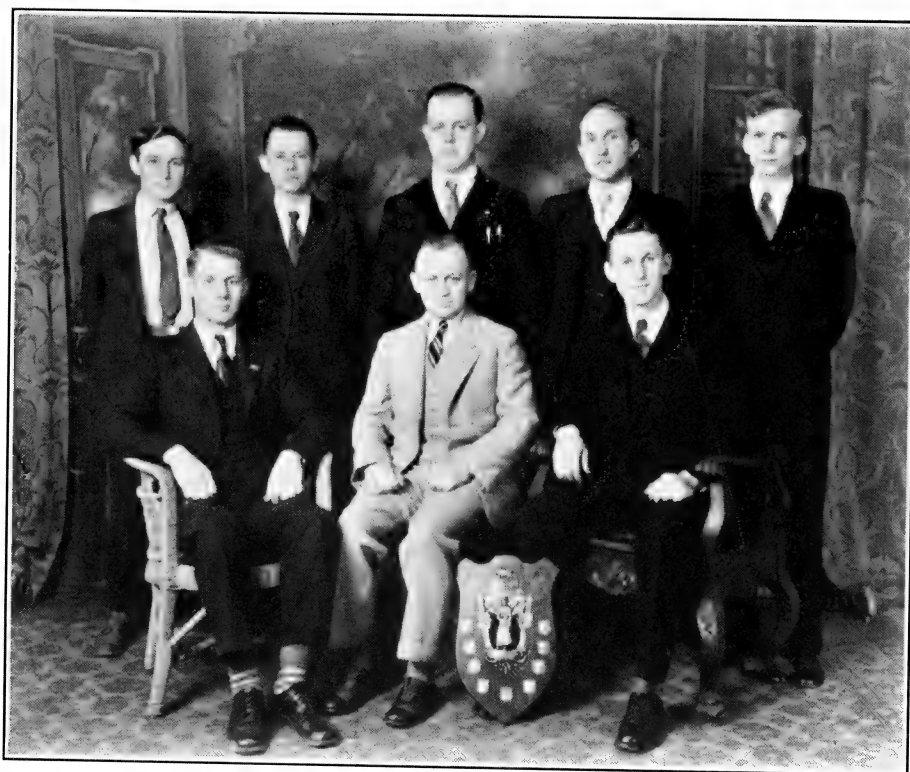
It is evident to all concerned that the Debating Club has made great strides forward within the past year, not only in achievement but in its very spirit. There is a greater sense of responsibility, to the club and its success, among the members with the result that everyone connected with it derives the full benefits such a club offers.

The same system of parliamentary debate is usually enforced though lately it has become the practice to refrain from dividing the members into two groups but rather to allow each member to speak from his chair on the side of the question

he favours. If through the efforts of those opposed to his views he becomes proselytized he might then champion the other side of the question.

One of the most important developments of the last year was the drawing up and forwarding, to our Wossa representative, a list of suggestions concerning the rules of W. O. S. S. A. debate. They were considered by the Wossa officials and a majority of them were incorporated into the rules.

The club here desires to thank those responsible for its success thus far.



WOSSA DEBATING CHAMPIONS 1933

Standing—R. Coveney, L. Hall, J. Hayes, R. Pearson, G. Ritchie.  
Seated—H. Prettie, Mr. Payne, M. Ramsay.

### W. O. S. S. A. DEBATING

The results of the instructions and practice received in the Debating Club were evidenced in the debating of this school for the past season.

The first debate of last year was with London. Both travelling teams were successful. Kingsley Dagg and Melvin Ramsay represented our school in London while Raymond Coveney and Roger Anderson carried on at home. The subject was, "Resolved: that profit-sharing in industry is preferable to state-ownership."

Chatham was the next opponent on the question of whether or not "Fascism, as in Italy, is a good form of government?" Sarnia scored a double victory although

this was but Chatham's first venture into Wossa debating. John Hayes and D'Arcy Hunt upheld the negative here; Lawrence Hall and John Danner, the affirmative in Chatham.

Here the girl debaters made their debut on the platform having won the first two scheduled debates by default from St. Thomas and Walkerville. During the last week of November, Millicent MacGregor and Marion Payne journeyed to London Central C. I. and Kathryn Hayes and Helen Morrisson debated here. This time the travelling teams for both collegiates were defeated. The subject for discussion was, "Resolved: that a high-



ly civilized nation is justified in forcing its civilization upon a less civilized country."

The boys again took up the torch on Jan. 26. Roger Anderson and Raymond Coveney visited Galt; at the same time Melvin Ramsay and John Thain were hosts to the Galt team. Sarnia's teams successfully debated both sides of the question "Resolved: that the Canadian Government should establish a system of unemployment insurance similar to the

British system."

Early in February the girls' second debate was staged with Kitchener-Waterloo. The controversy raged over "Resolved: that newspapers influence public opinion more than does the radio." Kathryn Hayes and Helen Morrisson debated at Kitchener while Jean Tyrie and Geraldine Whitcombe debated here. The former pair were successful, the latter unsuccessful.



## A VISIT FROM MARSHALL SAUNDERS

The outstanding literary recital of the year was one at which were present Miss Marshall Saunders, Dr. E. J. Pratt and John M. Elson.

Preceding the programme given by the Toronto school teachers and which consisted of reading poems and comments

upon the writing profession, the School Orchestra played several selections.

Mayor Homer Lockhart welcomed the distinguished visitors presenting Miss Saunders with a golden key to the city. Miss Saunders made a suitable reply.



## MR. PIM PASSES BY

An attempt to revive dramatic work in the school was made on November 24 and 25, when the S. C. I. & T. S. players presented "General Wolfe," by R. Card and "Mr. Pim Passes By," by A. A. Milne, to a large and appreciative audience.

"General Wolfe," an historical one act drama, was presented by the Junior members of the school and was directed by Mr. R. Bond. The cast was as follows:

George Townshend .....	Jack Kirk
Major Isac Barre .....	Donald Greason
General Wolfe .....	John Evans
Francis .....	Gilmore Addie
Major Joannes .....	John Rankin
Russel Brown (seaman) .....	Gordon Lennox

"Mr. Pim Passes By," was directed by Miss P. Welman, assisted by Miss S.

Howden. This entertaining comedy was a decided success and brought much enjoyment to a large and appreciative audience.

The play was well directed and the settings both attractive and appropriate. The "Collegiate" extends its congratulations to all the actors and particularly to Fred Shaw for the interpretation of Mr. Pim, a difficult role and to Majorie Leckie as Olivia. The cast was as follows:

George Marden J.P. ....	Francis DeJersey
Olivia Marden (his wife) ..	Majorie Leckie
Dinah (his niece) .....	Sally Lewis
Lady Marden (his aunt) ..	Margaret Eacrett
Anne (the maid) .....	Nancy Patrick
Brian Strange .....	Raymond Coveney
Mr. Carraway Pim .....	Fred Shaw



*"Language is not subtle enough, tender enough, to express all we feel; and when language fails, the highest and deepest longings are translated into Music."—Ingersoll.*

### SCHOOL SONG

It is our extreme pleasure to add to the music section, our new school song.

For several years, the school has tried to draw from those more musically inclined, a song to sing in praise of our school; but to no avail. But when there was added to the staff our worthy French teacher, Mr. Adie, a musician in disguise, he made contact with the ever ready Mr. Graham and by combination of their poetic abilities, the school song was produced.

Much to our surprise, the announcement was made in the Assembly Hall one morning last February, that Mr. Adie would play the new school song on the piano. The welcome reception of the music was evidenced by the hearty applause and cheers.

We now dedicate this space in acknowledgment and sincere appreciation of the efforts of Messieurs Adie and Graham.

### S. C. I. T. S. MARCH SONG

S. C. I. T. S. is calling  
Can't you hear her summons low?  
Where the North meets South and East meets West  
And the scarlet maples grow;  
Where the roses bloom in splendour  
And the life is gay and free,  
Where the old St. Clair is flowing,  
That is home sweet home for me.

S. C. I. T. S. is calling  
On a glorious autumn day;  
Roll the signals out while the rooters shout  
And the old school band does play.  
Yards again—we've got them going—  
Yards again—we're on our way—  
For it's blue and white, fight, fight, fight,  
Cross their line to victory.



S. C. I. T. S. is calling,  
It's a call for you and me,  
And each loyal son and daughter too  
Gives the answer: "Here are we,  
We will strive to do thee honour  
In our work and in our play,  
Give a shout for S. C. I. T. S.,  
All together, 'Hip Hurrah'."



## HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS

One more year has rolled by for this ambitious group of young musicians, bringing them laurels from the Music Festival, last May. Under their highly esteemed leader, Mr. Hargreaves, they gave an exceptionally fine rendition of "Where the Bee Sucks" (*Arne*), receiving very encouraging praise from Dr. Fricker, leader of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto. This chorus tied with the

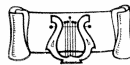
Thedford Continuation School Chorus. Just now the chorus is busily preparing for the forthcoming festival, when they will sing "It Was a Lover" (*R. Vaughan Williams*). We extend to this enthusiastic group our sincere congratulations, and wish them every success in the coming Festival in retaining the Canadian Observer Shield.



## JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

This valuable organization serves as a medium for entrance to the more advanced Senior Orchestra. In last year's Music Festival, the orchestra made a very fine showing, when they played "Mazurka" by *Schmidt*, capturing the St. Clair Chapter I. O. D. E. Shield. This body of earnest workers plans to enter the Fes-

tival again this year with Caprice "Princess Tip-Toe" by *Le Roy*. We wish them every success in the future, in retaining this shield. This year it was the good fortune of the general public to hear them for the first time, render a concert, on the evening of January 31.





## ORCHESTRA

Back Row—H. MacAdams, B. Glenn, F. Bonner, H. Jackson, R. Shannon, C. Stover, W. Pilkey, B. Taylor, E. Murray.  
 Middle Row—Mr. Dobbins, W. Cole, J. Smith, H. Cares, J. Hall, A. Smith, J. Driscoll, R. Dailey, K. Oliver, J. Greason, Mr. Brush (director), E. Milner.  
 Front Row—K. Stevens, A. Murray, S. McDermid, Mary Keskanek, Ethel Kenny, Miss Ramsden, Helen Cruickshank, Helen Cares, J. Williamson, A. Hamilton.

## S. C. I. &amp; T. S. ORCHESTRA

**L**ITTLE do the members of this fine organization realize what a pleasure their music gives us as we assemble every morning in the Assembly Hall. The marching rhythm promoting "pep" in our morning studies, which otherwise might be a dull ordeal, fits us for each new day.

The annual concert by the orchestra and band was given to a large and responsive audience in the Auditorium March 31, 1933. The orchestra shows a steady progress, by the following programme:

1. Overture, "Queen of the North" (*Schlepegrell*)
2. (a) "Andante Con Moto" (*Schubert*)  
 (b) "March Militaire" (*Schubert*)
3. Clarinet Solo, Fantasia, "Home Sweet Home" (*Rollinson*) Arthur Smith
4. "Hungarian Fantasia" (*Tobani*)
5. Violin Solo—"In the Canebroke" (*Gardner*) Norman McMillen
6. Second Movement (Andante) from "Fifth Symphony" (*Tschaikowsky*)

Under the direction of Mr. Brush the

orchestra again made a fine showing in the Lambton Music Festival, with their rendition of Tschaikowsky's "Andante from Fifth Symphony," receiving very creditable praise from Frank Welsman of Toronto, the adjudicator. Mr. Welsman commented on the orchestra's marked improvement since he heard them in the first festival here in 1930. At this time, they are practising hard to compete again this year. We wish them every success in retaining the Kiwanis Shield.

## THE PERSONNEL

Piano—Helen Cares.

1st Violins—John Kane, Allan Hamilton, Jim Williamson, Bill Cole, Douglas Simpson, Ethel Kenney, Gladys Burns.  
 2nd Violins—Stuart McDermid, Mary Keskanek, Miss J. Ramsden, Alex. Murray, Roy Kent, Bill Harris, Ray Dailey, Ken Stevens, Dorothy Vansickle, Helen Cruickshank.

1st Clarinets—Arthur Smith, John Hall.  
 2nd Clarinets—Harold Cares, Harold





## BAND

Back Row—W. Rose, W. Manser, R. Duncan, C. Stover, H. Jackson, A. Hamilton, W. Pilkey, B. Taylor, W. McMahan, R. Hammett, E. Cares.  
 Middle Row—Mr. Dobbins, B. Glenn, G. Pippard, R. Shannon, D. Greason, K. Oliver, J. Greason, W. Beasley, J. Hall, H. Cares, E. Milner, Mr. Brush (leader).  
 Front Row—J. Connors, R. Bury, J. Smith, F. Bonner, A. Smith, R. Oliver, D. Levitt, G. Summers, J. Driscoll, D. Dailey, W. Whitely, E. Murray.

MacAdams, Mr. E. Adie.  
 Oboe—Jim Smith.  
 Alto Sax—Frank Bonner.  
 Tenor Sax—Bud Glenn.  
 Alto Horns—Wilmar Pilkey, Bruce Taylor.  
 1st Trumpets—Jack Garrett, Ernest Murray.

2nd Trumpets—Jim Greason, Ken Oliver, Bill Beasley.  
 Trombones—Herb. Jackson, Charles Stover.  
 Euphonium—Bob Shannon.  
 Bases—Mr. Dobbins, Everett Milner.  
 Drums—Jim Driscoll.

## BAND

There's something about a uniform that we like and when we think of uniforms, our minds drift on to cadets, and thence to the band—for what is a parade without a band? All the cadet manoeuvres centre around the "tempo marcato" of the wind instruments. And how the onlookers gaze, with a thrill to their pulse, as our clever musicians march by the General's keen eye! It has become an annual affair to hold a concert in conjunction with the school orchestra, most of the members belonging to both organizations. On the evening of March 31, 1933, a

very interested audience listened to the following programme:

1. March—"King Cotton" (*Sousa*)
2. Overture—"Goddess of the Dawn" (*Losey*)
3. Selection—"Operatic Mingle" (*Berry*)
4. Waltz—"Rose Festival" (*Hughes*)
5. Overture—"The Wanderer" (*King*)
6. March—"The Thunderer" (*Sousa*)
7. Selection—"French Canadian Melodies." (*Laurendeau*)

God Save the King



## SOCIAL ACTIVITIES



### AT HOME

One of the gayest dances of the Christmas season took place on the night of Wednesday, December 27, in the girls' gymnasium. An elaborate decoration scheme combining a low wavy ceiling of interlaced, brightly-colored paper streamers with streamers hanging down around the sides of the hall provided a very attractive setting, harmonizing with the gorgeous colours of the ladies' gowns.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Garvey, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gray, Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Logie, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Stewart and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. White received the guests.

The At Home is an annual event eagerly anticipated by students and graduates alike. It is the occasion of many

happy reunions of old school mates whose paths have separated long since and at which fond and effusive greetings are exchanged and reminiscence common.

Shortly before nine o'clock the guests assembled. Music was rendered by Clare Thorner's Orchestra and dancing continued until one-thirty. During a brief intermission refreshments were served, following which was the grand march led by Mr. and Mrs. Asbury.

The committee in charge of arrangements and responsible for the success of the affair was: general chairman, Joe Woodcock; refreshments, Margaret McKellar; decorations, Bob Hackney; invitations, Helen Simpkins; programme, Harry Haines.

### THE RUGBY DANCE

A delightful custom of concluding rugby activities, insofar as the school is concerned, with a dance seems to have become established.

Following the precedent set a year ago

the Senior Rugby Organization sponsored a dance which was held on Friday evening, December 1, in the boys' gymnasium.

Despite several counter-attractions of moment the dance attracted a very fair



crowd of students and ex-students. As is usual at a school dance, a care-free school spirit prevailed and if the general exuberance evident is to be taken as any criterion then the students are far from suffering from melancholia because of the

absence of rugby championships.

Dancing continued from nine until twelve o'clock to the music of the Casa Nova Orchestra. The dance was the means of slightly bolstering the rather depleted rugby fund.

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## THE CADET DANCE

A pleasant aftermath of the Cadet Inspection is the Cadet Dance. It is the last social event on the school calendar before the final examinations.

On the evening of May 26, following the inspection, a large crowd assembled in the boys' gymnasium to celebrate the conclusion of another course in cadet training. The rain which had curtailed the inspection in no way dampened the enthusiasm for the dance. The Paragons provided music from nine until twelve

o'clock. Refreshments were served during the evening. The lovely spring gowns of the ladies contrasted very effectively with the dark blue uniforms of the cadets and added a light note of gaiety to the affair.

The patrons and patronesses were Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Asbury, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. S. G. Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dean Bradley, Major E. L. Fielding and Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Logie.

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## FRESHMEN'S RECEPTION

The occasion of the annual fun-fest when the freshmen are initiated was on the night preceding Field Day. The boys assembled in the lower corridors of the school then, under the direction of seniors and sophomores, the freshmen were put through a series of mirth-provoking trials. Following this part of the ceremony the whole company gathered in the boys' gymnasium where the oath was ad-

ministered. A final reminder of their humble position came in the form of a code governing, until Christmas, the actions of the newcomers, non-conformity to which meant dire penalty for the offender. Upon the elapse of this period the freshmen automatically assume the role of full-fledged collegians. The freshmen were then treated to ice cream and the evening's fun was brought to a close.

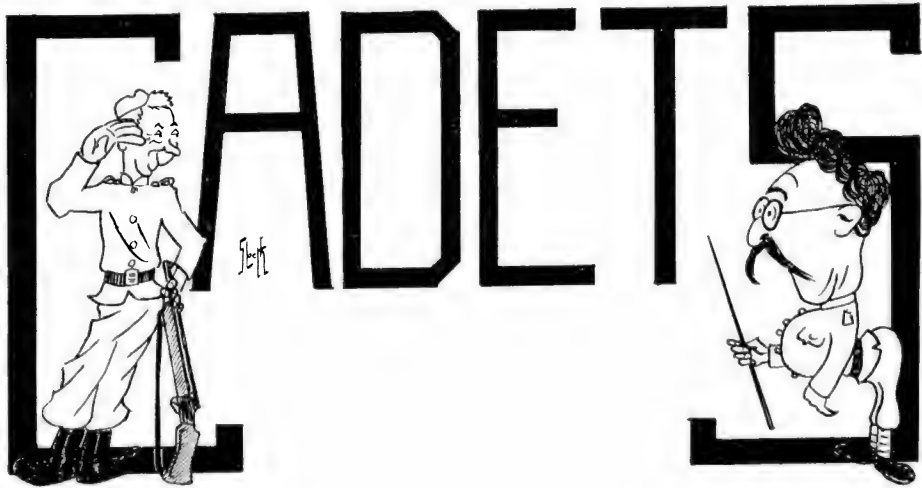
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## FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

Each year witnesses newcomers to the school and just as they come so must they be initiated properly and with ceremony into their new surroundings. At least, so think the other girls in the school.

For this reason was held the Freshettes' Reception. It took place in the latter part of October under the direction of

Miss Ramsden. The freshies were assembled in the boys' gymnasium, blindfolded and obliged to do as the sophomores bid. They were forced to go through many undignified and awkward movements much to the amusement of the onlookers. To conclude the evening a delightful lunch was served.



## CADET INSPECTION, 1933

The Strathcona Trust Trophy emblematical of first place for general efficiency in cadet work in Military District No. 1 now rests in the trophy cabinet of the Sarnia Collegiate. Sarnia represents the second school to possess this trophy as it has been placed in competition only two years. In the Physical Training Competition the Sarnia Corps was relegated to second place and the Physical Training Trophy donated by the Strathcona Trust and which had been awarded to the local Corps for the previous two years was won by the Woodstock Collegiate Cadet Corps.

The inspection took place on the afternoon of May 26. Shortly after the command "on parade," the Corps, headed by the Cadet Band made a route march. The itinerary was Wellington Street to Christina, to George, to College and back to the school. As the Corps passed by the library, Lt.-Col. S. G. Stokes, commanding officer of the Lambton Regiment, took the salute. Other officers of the regiment present at the saluting base were Major J. S. Milne, second-in-command, Major E. L. Fielding,

Major W. P. Doohan, Major C. E. Woodrow.

Upon returning to the school campus, Major J. J. Jeffrey of London inspected the battalion. Following this the battalion went through manoeuvres including company and platoon drills. The physical training directed by Mr. Mendizabal brought favourable comment from Major Jeffrey. A group of gymnasts also gave a demonstration of tumbling and apparatus work. At this point a deluge of rain marred the programme and Major Jeffrey suggested dismissing the Corps, omitting the customary concluding formalities.

The officers were then ushered into the gymnasium where Major Jeffrey extended greetings to the Corps on behalf of Major-General Armstrong who was the inspecting officer for a number of years. He also commented upon the excellence of the marching and the precision of the platoon work and complimented the Band.

## OFFICERS AND N.C.O.'s

O.C.—Cadet Major W. Reid.

2/I.C.—Cadet Capt. R. Ofield.



## RIFLE TEAM

Standing—L. Craig, G. Ingersoll, O. Lockhart, W. Hutchinson, D. Dailey.  
Seated—D. Simpson, J. DeCou, R. Dailey, Mr. Mendizabal, G. Dailey, C. Cote, R. Mendizabal.

Adjutant—Cadet Capt. W. Doohan.  
Quartermaster—Cadet Lieut. L. MacKenzie.

### A. COMPANY

Cadet Capt.—R. Ewener.  
Cadet Lieut.—I. Fraser.  
Cadet Lieut.—C. Jones.  
Cadet Lieut.—A. Hueston.

### B. COMPANY

Cadet Capt.—S. Austin.  
Cadet Lieut.—O. Lockhart.  
Cadet Lieut.—K. McMillan.  
Cadet Lieut.—D. McGillivray.

### C. COMPANY

Cadet Capt.—G. Tessier.  
Cadet Lieut.—W. Teskey.  
Cadet Lieut.—A. Hamilton.

### BAND

Cadet Lieut.—J. Garrett.

## NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

B.S.M.—M. Ramsay.

### A. COMPANY

C.S.M.—B. Smith.  
Sergt.—O. Dobbins.  
Sergt.—H. Prettie.  
Sergt.—S. Brydon.

### B. COMPANY

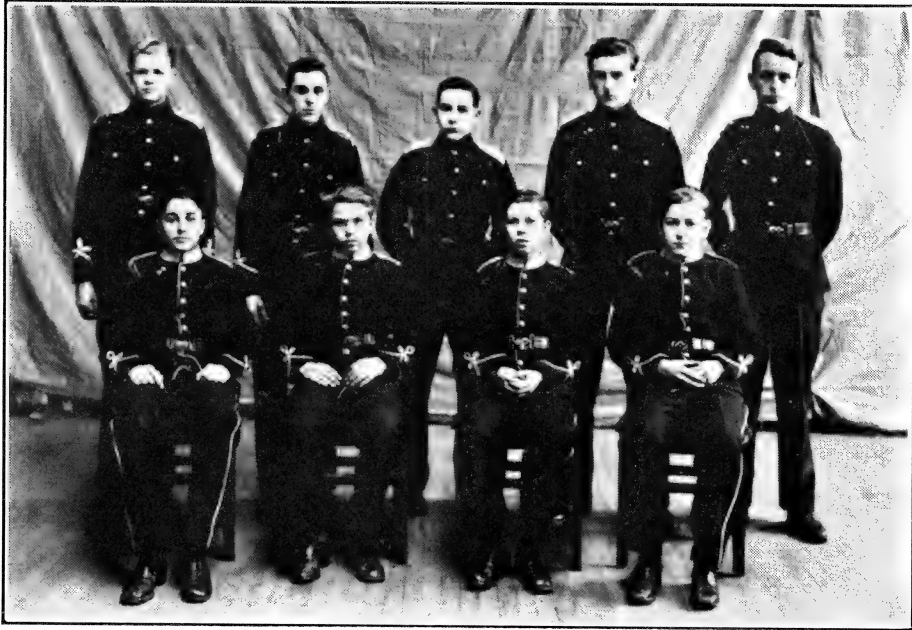
C.S.M.—J. Woodcock.  
Sergt.—H. Haines.  
Sergt.—D. Henderson.  
Sergt.—G. Gough.

### C. COMPANY

C.S.M.—R. Pearson.  
Sergt.—F. Mollitor.  
Sergt.—W. Weston.  
Orderly Sergt.—L. Smith.

### BAND

Sergt.—J. Newton.



### FIRST AID TEAMS

Standing—C. Chesher, F. Shaw, R. Mendizabal, R. Gates, J. Greason.  
Seated—R. Lyford, L. Aiken, N. Dove, G. East.

### FIRST AID

The possession of a working knowledge of first aid is a very valuable asset. Knowing the correct procedure and how to go about it has often, in the case of emergency, been the salient point in saving a life and far more often has been the means of alleviating suffering.

At the S. C. I. a large class is always on hand, eager for instruction in this work. For the past several years, Mr. Louis Crockett has very courteously given of his time and knowledge in order that these boys may become qualified first aid men.

In connection with the Cadet work of the school, annually teams are entered in competition with teams from other schools. This year both the Senior and Junior teams stood first in the District and were presented with the St. John's Ambulance Association Awards for First Aid Work.

Those comprising the teams are:

Senior—J. Greason, K. Hall, G. Smith, T. Stubbs.

Junior—C. Chesher, R. Gates, R. Keelan, R. Mendizabal.





## RIFLE SHOOTING

This year the Rifle Teams were instructed by A. R. Mendizabal, with J. McKellar and D. Simpson in charge of the shooting gallery.

The D. C. R. A. Competition produced some very good scores.

### SENIORS

Name	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Total
R. Mendizabal .....	96	99	94	—289
J. McKellar .....	91	100	97	—288
R. Dailey .....	94	97	95	—285
D. Simpson .....	99	86	99	—284
G. Dailey .....	94	93	96	—283
L. Thomas .....	93	85	94	—272
J. DeCou .....	93	86	92	—271

### JUNIORS

G. Ingersoll .....	91	92	83	—266
H. Crabb .....	83	87	89	—259
R. LeSueur .....	84	89	83	—256

All the above receive second class medals with the exception of R. Mendizabal who receives a special class medal for high score.

Mr. Mendizabal also entered a Senior Dominion Marksmen team from Sarnia, composed of the best shots in Sarnia and Port Huron. Representing the school on this team are A. R. Mendizabal, W. J. Southcombe, R. Mendizabal, J. McKellar, G. Dailey, D. Simpson, F. C. Asbury, F.

E. O'Donohue and T. Dunford.

The annual Cadet Musketry Test in which as many as possible of the Cadet Corps fire, was held last spring with J. McKellar first and G. Dailey a close second. A total of two hundred and eighty cadets fired, one hundred and sixty-four qualifying.

The Strathcona medal, awarded to the best shot in the school, went to Glen Dailey in 1933.





Girls' sports are proving a great success in our school. The Girls' Athletic Executive realizes the important place occupied by athletics in a student's activities and tries to create as varied and interesting a programme as possible in which each girl may participate according to her own preference and inclination.

This year Field Day was even more successful than last. Three records were broken and the entry list was much longer than usual. In the show, Kampus Kapers, the girls staged several dancing numbers which were very well received by the audience. The award of crests and the honour emblem for proficiency has stimulated greater interest in track and field, basketball, volley-ball, soccer, baseball, badminton, dancing and gymnastics.

### BASKETBALL

Basketball has been given a good deal of attention this year in our sports curriculum under a new device successfully carried out. The first teams were selected by a series of tests. The captains for the different teams were: Miss Ramsden, Kathleen Nicol, Mary Currie and Margaret Doohan. After practising for nearly a month, a Round Robin Tournament was held. The winning team was composed of the following: Miss Ramsden (Capt.), Thelma Allen, Eileen Belton, Helen Cares, Jean Goldring, Emma Hargrove, Edith MacDonald, Margaret McGibbon and Eleanor McLeod.

The second teams included all those more advanced than first form who wished to play. The captains for these teams were: Veronica Lang, Laurien Hare, Betty Thompson, Margaret Kennedy, Corle Gort, Gwen Laur. The following girls comprised the winning team: Betty Thompson (Capt.), Ruth Spears, Ruth Morris, Jean Brown, Edith Millman, Jean Neeley and Lillian Lane.

The third teams played nine court basketball and were recruited from the first forms, each form entering a team. Evidence of the interest taken in this branch of athletics lies in the fact that out of twenty-two scheduled games only one was defaulted. The series finished with a tie between Com. 1-B and Coll. 1-B. In the play-off Com. 1-B won.

The senior pennant for interform competition was awarded to 3-A Coll.

There was also an inter-school game played against Petrolia.

### PHYSICAL TRAINING DISPLAY

On June 2, 1933 an outdoor physical training display was performed by the girls. A diversified programme was presented before a large crowd of students and citizens with the purpose of demonstrating to the public the work undertaken in our regular P. T. classes. The demonstration proved highly entertaining and was warmly received.





## GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Standing—Helen Simpkins, Margaret McGibbon, Miss Ramsden, Doris Kilmer.  
Seated—Janet Mackenzie, Veronica Lang, Blanche Finch, Sally Lewis.

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## GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Early in the year at a mass meeting of the girls in the Assembly Hall the officers of the Athletic Executive were elected. The honorary officers chosen were Miss Ramsden and Mr. Asbury. Those elected to office were: president, Veronica Lang; vice-president, Marjorie MacGreg-

or; secretary, Sally Lewis; treasurer, Blanche Finch.

The curators for the year were as follows: track and field, Margaret McGibbon; soccer, Doris Kilmer; basketball, Helen Simpkins; volleyball, Millicent MacGregor; softball, Janet Mackenzie.



## VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball has been a favourite game for some years. It is exciting and not too strenuous. The programme for volleyball will be carried out in the same way as that of basketball. The winners for 1933 were: senior, Coll. 4-A; junior, Coll. 2-C.

## SOCCER

Much enthusiasm was shown on the part of the girls in turning out to play soccer last Fall. Although the schedule was not completed many interesting games were played and it is evident that soccer is speedily taking its place as one of the outstanding sports of our school.



### FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Standing—D. Clatworthy, C. Jones, H. Jackson, L. Craig.  
Seated—Ettie Rainsberry, Blanche Finch, Winnifred Durnford.

### TRACK AND FIELD

One of the most successful field days in recent years was held early in the Fall. Interform competition which took place in the morning provided much amusement and excitement for both the spectators and participants. This system of interform competition includes those who would ordinarily be eliminated in the former type of meet and gives every girl who is interested enough in sports a chance to take part. The winners were: senior,

Com. 3; intermediate, Tech. 2; junior, Coll. 1-E.

In the afternoon individual competition took place with a large number of entries in all girls' events. One of the features of the day was the performance of Blanche Finch in winning the high jump with a new record of 4' 8". The individual champions were: senior, Ettie Rainsberry; intermediate, Blanche Finch; junior, Winnifred Durnford.

### PRESENTATION OF CRESTS

For the past few years crests have been given by the G. A. A. to the girls making the highest number of points in the different athletic activities during the year. The Senior "S" symbolical of the all-around championship was won by Ettie Rainsberry.

Crests were presented to the following girls at the final assembly last June:

Donna Beatty, Jean Cobban, Margaret Doohan, Jean Goldring, Laurien Hare, Kathryn Hayes, Marie Hargrove, Veronica Lang, Stelia Logan, Margaret McGibbon, Edith MacDonald, Marjorie MacGregor, Millicent MacGregor, Flora MacDonald, Eleanor McLeod, Anna Tennant, Enid Whitling, Rhea Whitely.



# BOYS' SPORTS

## BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Previous to this year only senior students could attend meetings of the B. A. E. This year, however, it was feared that the junior athletic activities might inadvertently be neglected under this arrangement. With the objective of eliminating any such undesirable condition it was decided to have the representatives elected at a mass meeting of the boys whereat any student became eligible and the choice of candidates lay entirely with the boys. The election was held in the Assembly Hall early in the Fall and the results were as follows: senior rugby, C. Jones; junior rugby, T. Mondoux; shooting J. DeCou; boxing and wrestling, O. Lockhart; gymnastics, D. MacGregor; track, J. Woodcock; senior basketball, H.

Jackson; junior basketball, J. Shanks; cadets, A. Hueston. Mr. O'Donohue presides at the meetings and is treasurer of the organization. Meetings are called whenever occasion demands.

The annual collegiate frolic, this year named "Kampus Kapers," was sponsored by the B. A. E. Two performances were given before packed houses on the evenings of March 2 and 3. On each occasion the show drew down a tremendous ovation from the audience.

Many other events such as the Freshmen's Reception and the Assault-At-Arms come directly under the supervision of the B. A. E. and the efficient way in which these are handled is a credit to that body.

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## FIELD DAY

Thursday, October 5, was a gala day for the track and field performers of the S. C. I. & T. S. Fine weather prevailed and a large audience witnessed the various contests in which there were over three hundred entries in a programme which lasted from early morning until late in the afternoon.

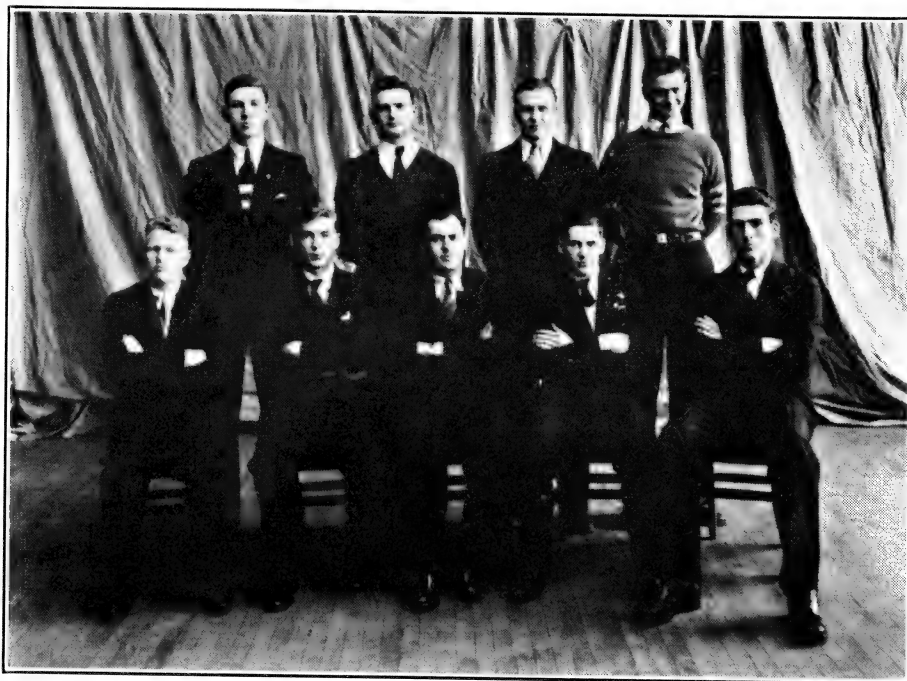
When it came to smashing records, discretion was tossed to the winds, ten in all going under the axe.

The Individual Champions were:

Senior—Herb Jackson and Cliff Jones tied.

Intermediate—L. Craig.

Junior—D. Clatworthy.



## BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Standing—H. Jackson, A. Hueston, C. Jones, T. Mondoux.  
Seated—D. MacGregor, J. Shanks, Mr. O'Donohue, J. DeCou, O. Lockhart.

Juvenile—H. Ross.

Following is a summary of the winners  
in the different events and their marks:

## JUVENILE

Running Broad—H. Ross, 13'4½".

Running High—H. Ross, 4'4".

75 yd. Dash—E. Porter.

## JUNIOR

Running Broad—D. Clatworthy, 16'4".

Running High—D. Clatworthy, 4'9".

8-lb. Shot Put—J. Thain, 29'5".

Discus—J. Murray, 47'.

440 yd.—D. Clatworthy.

220 yd.—D. Clatworthy.

100 yd.—C. Thorner.

## INTERMEDIATE

Running Broad—L. Craig, 16'7½".

Running High—E. Wright, 4'11".

12-lb. Shot Put—F. Kilbreath, 33'5".

Discus—G. Eveland, 75'5".

Pole Vault—G. Stevenson.

880 yd.—T. Parsons.

440 yd.—J. Milner.

220 yd.—L. Craig.

100 yd.—L. Craig.

## SENIOR

Running Broad—C. Jones, 18'5½".

Running High—C. Jones, 5'5".

12-lb. Shot Put—H. Jackson, 38'9".

Discus—H. Jackson, 93'.

Pole Vault—R. Tessier, 9'7".

880-yd.—G. Thompson.

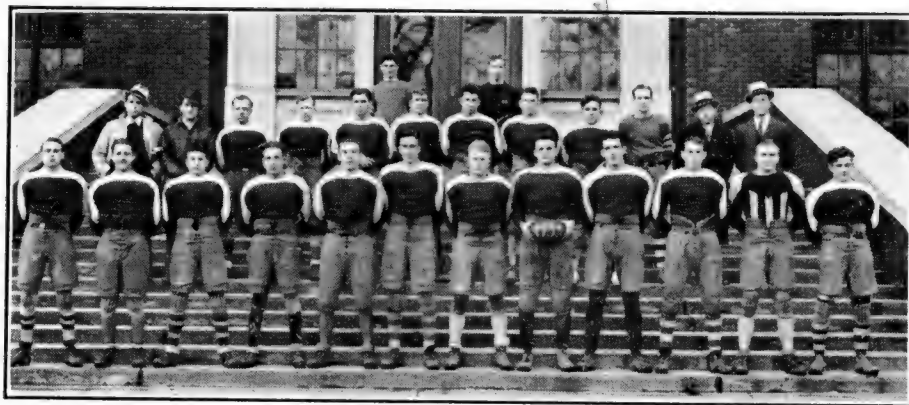
440 yd.—H. Jackson.

220 yd.—C. Jones.

100-yd.—J. Woodcock.

## OPEN

Mile Run—D. Mitchel.



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—T. Mondeux, L. Crowe.  
Middle Row—W. Teskey (trainer), H. Haines (mgr.), J. Skelten, J. Milner, J. Burgess, G. For-  
dyce, D. Dailey, D. Henderson, V. Boyington, R. Isbister, Mike Fitzgibbon (coach), Mr. As-  
bury.  
Front Row—J. Genner, H. Walker, L. Goring, T. Allingham, F. Kilbreath, W. Hutchinson, D.  
MacGregor, A. Hueston (capt.), O. Lockhart, J. Woodcock, C. Jones, D. Thompson.

### SENIOR RUGBY

SIR ADAM BECK C. I. 6, SARNIA 6

London, Nov. 4.—At last, after more than a month and a half without a game, the Seniors got under way. At first Sarnia exhibited nervousness and London, quick to take advantage, scored five points in short order. By the end of the first quarter, Sarnia was beginning to get the "feel" of the game. In the second quarter Sarnia completed two forwards for a total gain of sixty yards and finally succeeded in rouging Beck for one point. Beck blocked a Sarnia kick and Farrar dribbled the ball to Sarnia's touch where MacGregor recovered the ball, giving Beck another point. In the dying moments of the game Sarnia tied the score.

SARNIA 11, ST. THOMAS 14

Sarnia, Nov. 8.—A peculiar schedule arrangement called Sarnia, not yet even a group winner and having played only one game, to battle with St. Thomas, already a group winner and qualified to enter the second round of the elimination series. Misfortune seemed to dog the heels of the Seniors and, due to the late hour of the arrival of the visitors, this

game was started under protest.

St. Thomas opened the scoring by rouging Sarnia twice in the first quarter. Early in the second period St. Thomas scored an unconverted touchdown. Sarnia, quick to retaliate, sent Woodcock over the line for a touchdown which was not converted. The half ended with the ball in Sarnia's possession on the St. Thomas twenty-three yard line. In the third quarter a costly fumble by St. Thomas gave Sarnia a touchdown when Genner pounced on the ball. Sarnia converted. St. Thomas tallied one more point by rouging Hutchinson. In the semi-darkness of the last quarter St. Thomas completed a long forward pass for a touchdown which was converted. The game was then called on account of darkness.

SARNIA 30, SIR ADAM BECK 1

Sarnia, Nov. 18.—In this game Sarnia was out to redeem herself for the rather mediocre display of the first two games. London kicked off to Sarnia and, following lengthy advances by Woodcock and Lockhart through the line and around the



end, Hutchinson booted the first point. MacGregor intercepted a London forward and galloped forty-five yards to the one yard line. Lockhart went over for the touch and Hutchinson converted with a dropkick. On a long dash from midfield Woodcock scored a touchdown which likewise was converted. In the second period London succeeded in rousing Sarnia. Sarnia next scored a field goal. Two rouges were chalked up to Sarnia's credit in the third period. In the fourth Woodcock skirted the end for another touchdown which was converted. Hueston intercepted a forward and went over for a major which Hutchinson converted.

#### ST. THOMAS 6, SARNIA 2

St. Thomas, Nov. 22.—Sarnia having won the protest of the first game, this game was a sudden-death affair. A soggy field and two evenly matched teams prevented much headway being made through the line. St. Thomas scored one point in the first quarter and in the second quarter a field goal and a safety touch. The last half of the game witnessed a determined drive by the Sarnia

team but the St. Thomas defence proved adequate and the best Sarnia could do was to score a safety. The final whistle found both teams wallowing in the mud from which St. Thomas emerged victorious, worthy of advancing into the play-offs.

#### PERSONNEL OF THE SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Coach—Mike Fitzgibbon. Manager—H. Haines. Trainer—W. Teskey.  
L. Half—J. Woodcock  
C. Half—D. MacGregor.  
R. Half—W. Hutchinson.  
F. Wing—O. Lockhart.  
Quarter—C. Jones.  
Snap—T. Allingham.  
R. Inside—F. Kilbreath.  
L. Inside—J. Burgess.  
R. Middle—A. Hueston (capt.)  
L. Middle—D. Dailey.  
R. End—G. Fordyce.  
L. End—J. Genner.  
Spares—P. Bayduk, V. Boyington, L. Crowe, A. Flavell, L. Goring, D. Henderson, J. Skelton, J. Milner, D. Thompson, H. Walker.



### JUNIOR RUGBY

#### SARNIA 54, WALLACEBURG 0.

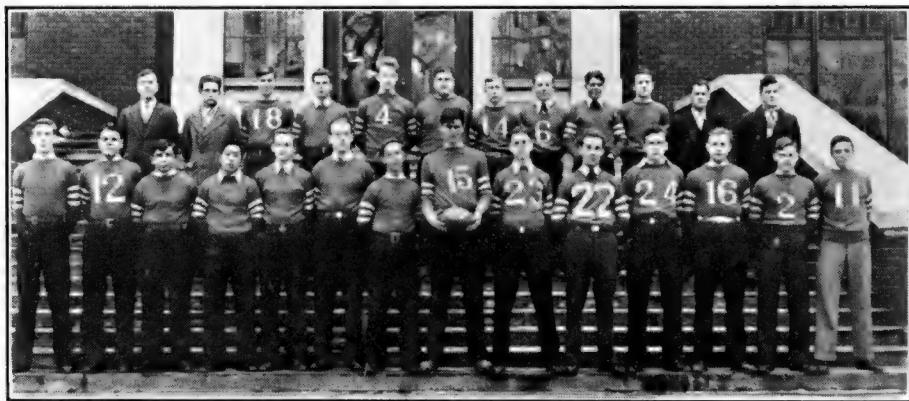
Sarnia, Oct. 10.—In the first game of the Wossa series here, Sarnia swamped the smaller, less experienced Wallaceburg team. Wallaceburg asked no quarter and received none from the point-lusty Sarnia twelve. Touchdowns and more of them was the order of the day. That this order was ably executed may be concluded as the Sarnia team netted nine, Norris being responsible for four of them. This game provided an excellent opportunity for Sarnia to practise its plays. Much credit is due the Wallaceburg youngsters for their plucky but vain resistance.

#### CHATHAM 2, SARNIA 22

Chatham, Oct. 14.—Again Sarnia won a decisive victory. In weight the two teams compared very favourably but in playing ability, Sarnia had an incontestable advantage. Norris, Shanks and Mondoux were outstanding. Sarnia concentrated on a forward passing attack and, in the last period, completed three consecutive passes for a total gain of eighty yards yet failed to score a touchdown.

#### WALLACEBURG 0, SARNIA 28

Wallaceburg, Oct. 21.—Although hopelessly outclassed, the boys from the 'burg



## JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—Mr. Asbury, J. Kennedy, A. McMillan, R. Williams, A. Norris, A. Lampel, C. Miller, J. Hayes, R. Finch, R. Dailey, Mr. O'Donohue (coach), D. Gordon (mgr.)  
 Front Row—J. Shanks, I. Morrissey, N. Piathouski, W. Chong, R. Kent, R. Isbister, C. Cote, T. Mondoux (capt.), J. Hollinger, T. Parsons, R. Gates, R. Skam, R. Nield, G. McPhail.

were able to combat the Sarnia scoring plays far more effectively than in the first encounter. Sarnia, however, was not to be denied, and, having already established an enviable scoring reputation, was not prepared to relinquish it at any cost. Both sides fumbled frequently. Many forward passes were attempted, few being successful. Norris and Finch scored two touchdowns each and Cote one.

## SARNIA 16, CHATHAM 0

Sarnia, Oct. 25.—For the third time in four games played Sarnia dished out a white-washing.

Four times during the course of the game the receivers of Norris' long hoists were rouged. In the second period, Kennedy blocked a Chatham punt which resulted in a safety touch for Sarnia. Abe Lampel fell on a Chatham fumble five yards from the Chatham line and on the next play Shanks sneaked over for a touchdown. In the last quarter, Cote intercepted a Chatham pass and reversed the play twenty yards before being tackled. Norris skirted the end for another touch to conclude the game.

## ST. THOMAS 22, SARNIA 0

St. Thomas, Nov. 4.—In one of the most unexpected reverses of the year, Sarnia bowed in defeat to a St. Thomas team far superior on the day's play. The Sarnia Juniors distinctly had an off-day and could not seem to function at all well. Erratic ball-handling on the part of the Sarnia backfield and a flock of St. Thomas ball-hawks combined to pile up a top-heavy score. In the last period Sarnia tightened up sufficiently to prevent any further scoring.

## SARNIA 12, ST. THOMAS 1

Sarnia, Nov. 8.—Our Juniors, although victorious in this game, were unable to surmount the twenty-two point lead gained by St. Thomas in the first game, and consequently were eliminated.

From the start the game was packed with action and thrills. The first period was scoreless but in the second period Norris kicked three points. Three more points were chalked up in the third period for Sarnia. In the last period Piathouski fell on a fumble on the Saint's twenty yard line. Sarnia bucked for yards, then Finch went over for touchdown which was converted.





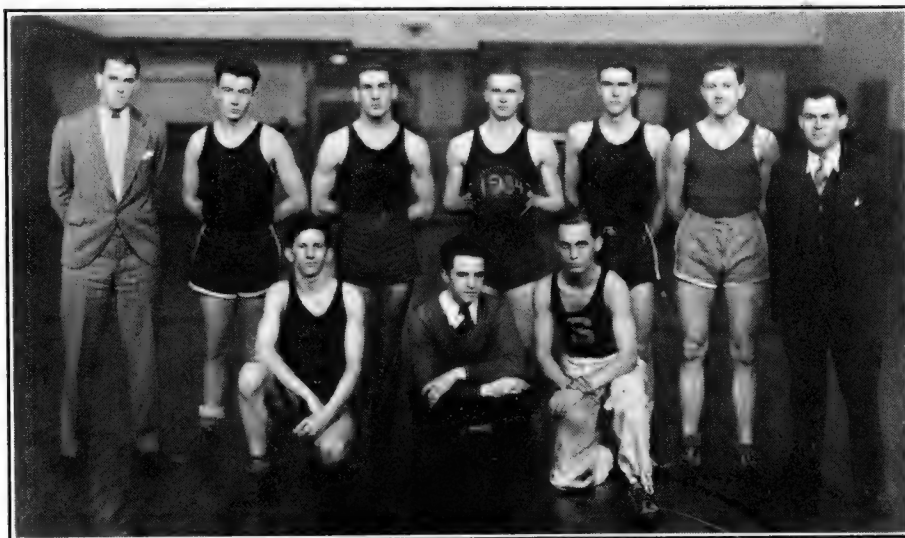
## SENIOR BASKETBALL

STRATHROY 32, SARNIA 6

Strathroy, Jan. 19.—Strathroy and Sarnia were the only teams in the group this year. As is not unusual when Sarnia basketball teams go to Strathroy the Seniors soaked up a licking in the first encounter. As a result of this game Strathroy annexed a twenty-six point advantage for the return game in Sarnia. Sarnia's attack was disorganized and the defence ineffective against the Strathroy sharpshooters.

SARNIA 17, STRATHROY 21

Sarnia, Feb. 9.—Nearly three weeks after the opener in Strathroy the return game was played in the gym almost devoid of spectators. Sarnia played a much improved style but were unable to set the pace for the rangy team from Strathroy. Sarnia showed to better advantage in the second and third periods. Tolmie bagged four field goals to lead the Sarnia scorers. Strathroy took the round easily 53-23.



## SENIOR BASKETBALL

Standing—J. Woodcock (mgr.), D. Dailey, O. Lockhart, C. Jones (capt.), W. Hutchinson, D. Tolmie, Mr. O'Donohue (coach).  
Kneeling—G. Thompson, R. Tessier, W. Perry.

## JUNIOR BASKETBALL

SARNIA 20, PETROLIA 10.

Sarnia, Jan. 12.—The Juniors were allotted a double schedule with Petrolia. In the first game Petrolia was ahead at the half but Sarnia came from behind to register a victory quite decisively. Hollinger was high scorer for the evening with five field goals and a free throw to his credit.

PETROLIA 12, SARNIA 13

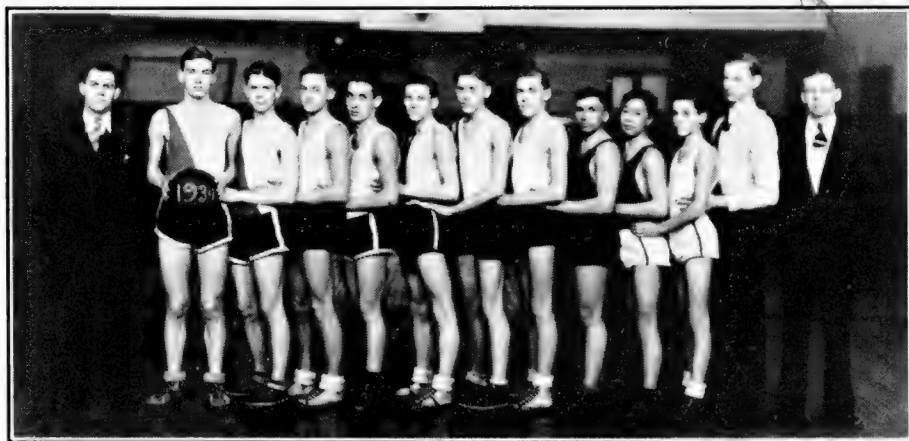
Petrolia, Jan. 19.—At home, Petrolia proved much more difficult to defeat than

had been the case when abroad. The first quarter ended a tie 8-8, and Sarnia led 11-10 at the half. Sarnia netted a field goal in the third period and Petrolia did likewise in the fourth.

SARNIA 14, PETROLIA 8

Sarnia, Jan. 26.—The Juniors administered Petrolia its third defeat and won the group honours by so doing. It was Sarnia's smooth working defence that contributed largely to Petrolia's downfall. Shanks and Hollinger accounted for most of the baskets.





## JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Left to Right —Mr. O'Donohue (coach), J. Shanks (capt.), J. Hollinger, R. Kent, T. Parsons, R. Milner, L. Craig, J. Murray, N. Piatouski, W. Chong, O. Moore, H. Perry, G. Gough (mgr.)

### PETROLIA 14, SARNIA 4

Petrolia, Feb. 9.—Sarnia wound up its group suffering its first defeat in a league game. However, this game had no bearing on the group title as Sarnia had already annexed it by virtue of three previous victories. The Juniors did not seem to be able to find the basket and the Petrolia team was right in its stride.

### ST. MARYS 30, SARNIA 13

St. Marys, Feb. 23.—A businesslike St. Marys five soundly trounced the Juniors in the first game of a home-and-home series in the second round of the Wossa playdowns. The St. Marys team had quite

an advantage in reach, which advantage they were not slow in capitalizing on. The final whistle found St. Marys in possession of a seventeen point lead to bring to Sarnia.

### SARNIA 14, ST. MARYS 20

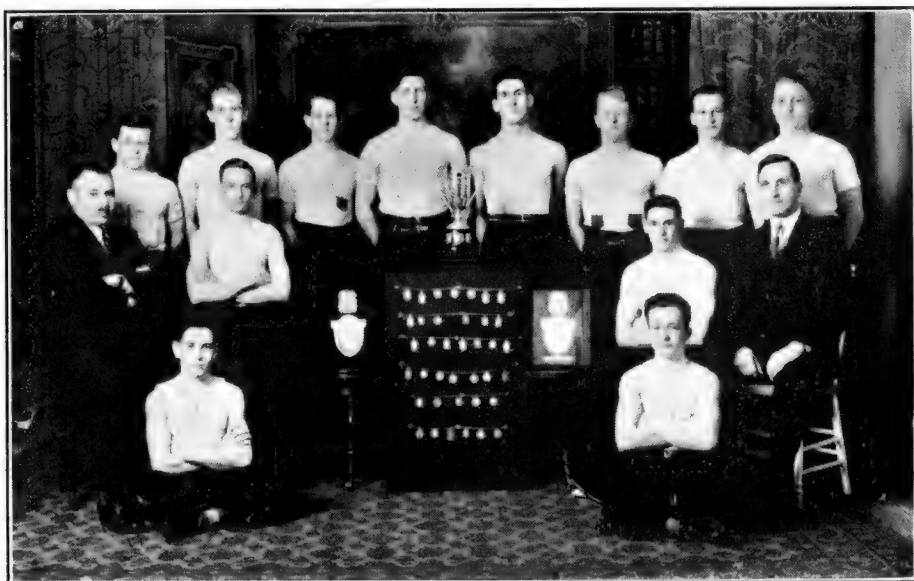
Sarnia, Mar. 1.—St. Marys eliminated the Juniors, winning the round 50-27. At the end of the first quarter the score was 6-5 in favour of St. Marys. At half time the score was tied 7-7. St. Marys again had the lead at three quarter time 12-7. In the last quarter St. Marys scored eight points while the Juniors were scoring seven. Moore, in spite of his diminutive size, was very effective for Sarnia.

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## GYM TEAM

The one remaining athletic stronghold of the S. C. I. & T. S. is the Gym Team. At the Wossa competition held in the school gymnasium March 25, 1933, in which competed teams from Sarnia, London Central C. I., Windsor Patterson C. I. and St. Thomas C. I., the Sarnia team won an overwhelming victory with a total of 371½ points as against the 293

points of London Central C. I. for runner-up. Individually the Sarnia gymnasts monopolized all places, Lyle Smith, Logan MacKenzie and Don MacGregor ranking in the order named. The Sarnia second team also took part in the competition and scored a total of 300¼ points, but as no school is eligible to take more than one set of medals, the second



## GYM TEAM

Standing—T. Mathers, H. Tennant, L. MacKenzie, H. Jackson, O. Lockhart, D. MacGregor, L. Smith, D. McGillivray.  
Seated—Mr. Mendizabal (instructor), R. Kent, J. DeCou, Mr. Asbury.  
Front—R. Mendizabal, D. Simpson.

place reverted to the London Central C. I. team.

The personnel of the Senior Team was as follows: L. MacKenzie, D. MacGregor, L. Smith, D. McGillivray, O. Lockhart; that of the Junior Team: H. Tennant, J. DeCou, D. Simpson, R. Mendizabal and R. Kent.

Harlan Tennant, as senior gymnastic champion of the S. C. I. for the year 1932-33, was winner of the LeSueur gold medal.

At the Ontario Interscholastic Gymnastic Tournament, Hart House, April 20, 1933, the Gym Team triumphed for the third successive time. Every first place was captured by the Sarnia gymnasts. Logan MacKenzie won a first in the high bar and side horse; Lyle Smith won a first in mats, second in high bar and parallels, and third in side horse. Don MacGregor made the complement win-

ning a first in parallels and second in side horse and mats.

In the Dominion Junior Gymnastic Competition held at the Canadian National Exhibition last Fall, the Sarnia first team successfully defended its laurels and the Sarnia second team was runner-up. The first team was composed of Lyle Smith, Don MacGregor, Harlan Tennant and the second team of Jack DeCou, Owen Lockhart and Donald McGillivray. Smith was first in tumbling and second in side horse, being awarded second place in all-around competition. MacGregor was second in tumbling.

In the Senior Competition Sarnia placed second. MacKenzie was first in side horse and third all-around. Smith was third in tumbling.

Such a creditable showing pays fine tribute to the efforts of Mr. Mendizabal and Mr. O'Donohue, instructors.



### BOXING AND WRESTLING CHAMPS

Standing—L. Smith, R. McMillan, R. Dailey, O. Lockhart, R. Isbister, J. Woodcock, R. Kent.  
Seated—J. Stronach, L. Allen, J. Genner, W. Chong, J. Smith, W. Haley.

### ASSAULT-AT-ARMS

Due to the large entry list in the Annual Assault-at-Arms, the finalists were, in most cases, forced to battle their way through several elimination contests. The finals were held on Friday, February 2, and the following champions were declared:

#### BOXING

80-lb. class—J. Stronach.  
95-lb. class—L. Allen.  
105-lb. class—J. Smith.  
118-lb. class—W. Haley.  
126-lb. class—J. Genner  
135-lb. class—R. Kent.  
145-lb. class—L. Smith.  
160-lb. class—R. Isbister.

Heavyweight—O. Lockhart & T. Mondoux, draw.

#### WRESTLING

95-lb. class—L. Allen.  
105-lb. class—R. Santsche.  
118-lb. class—W. Chong.  
126-lb. class—R. McMillan.  
135-lb. class—L. Smith.  
145-lb. class—R. Dailey.  
155-lb. class—J. Woodcock.  
Heavyweight—O. Lockhart.

Gold pins, emblematic of champion in both boxing and wrestling were awarded to Lyle Smith and Owen Lockhart. The others received silver pins.





Time rolls on and again we find ourselves seated at our desks glad to see old friends back again and to welcome new ones. We hope that the friendly spirit which prompted other schools to send us copies of their magazine will continue, thus helping this column to be of more interest each year. We acknowledge these publications below with a short criticism hoping it will be received in the same friendly manner in which it is given. In return the "Collegiate" desires similar comments.

**ACADIA ATHENAEUM**—Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

A very fine monthly with exceptionally fine literature—in fact about the best we receive. Why not try a snap page? We sincerely hope that you will continue to exchange with us.

**ACTA NOSTRA**—Guelph Vocational Institute.

Your cover is very attractive. The magazine is so splendid it is difficult to mention any one department. Class notes are good. But why not comment on your exchanges?

**ARGUS MONTHLY**—Sault Ste. Marie.

Welcome back! Your material is well balanced but a few cartoons and cuts would make your paper much more interesting.

**AUDITORIUM**—Owen Sound.

Your magazine, as a whole, is good, but your art headings are exceptionally clever. The exchange section is absolutely different and certainly praiseworthy. A few more jokes would brighten up your magazine.

**THE BLUE**—Christ's Hospital, West Horsham, Sussex, England.

"The Blue" is so different from ours it is hard to criticize. Your account of school sports and activities shows a true school spirit—a spirit to be proud of. However, we miss a literature section. Wouldn't a few pictures or snaps brighten up your book?

**THE CHALLENGER**—Saint John, New Brunswick.

A very good paper. The article on "Christmas in Southern France" was splendid. We enjoyed "More Gray Hairs" very much. Somehow it suits us. We sincerely hope you remember us next time.

**THE FETTESIAN**—Fettis College, Edinburgh.

A very interesting magazine. A few illustrations would add much interest. We enjoyed your editorial very much. A welcome exchange.



**KELVIN TECHNICAL SCHOOL**—Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Your magazine has an attractive cover as well as fine contents. Nevertheless may we suggest more short stories and essays? Your sports are well reviewed. Again, why not comment on your exchanges?

**THE LANTERN**—Sir Adam Beck C. I., London.

We extend our heartiest congratulations on your success last year. May we join Shirley Summers in asking, "Where is Your Music?" Also why not comment on exchanges? An excellent magazine, Beck.

**THE LANTERNETTE**—Bedford Road Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Congratulations on such a fine weekly edition! Your resume of school activities is especially good. We enjoyed your amusing class notes immensely. For curiosity only, we wonder why you haven't an exchange column? Don't forget us next time.

**ROYAL BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION, INCHMARLO**—Marlborough Park, Ireland.

Your poetry and short story sections are interesting. We hope your camera club soon embarks upon sunny days again as it would certainly add to your magazine. Come again!

**ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW**—Aurora, Ontario.

A typical boys' magazine—very fine, with an equally fine cover. The "Skit" section is exceptionally good. We are looking forward with much pleasure to your next publication.

**THE SCREECH OWL**—Bowmanville High School.

Welcome to our exchange department. We liked your attractive cover very much. Your short stories, we believe, are worthy of a separate section and thus we think they would invoke more interest.

**TECH TATLER**—Danforth Technical School, Toronto, Ontario.

Your December edition is very "Christmasy." A very fine cover. Articles are very good but why not classify them? Why not experiment with an exchange department.

**TEL-U-ALL**—Waterford, Ontario.

A very fine magazine. Your headings would be more interesting if they were illustrated. A gossip section would greatly add to the interest of your magazine. Why not comment on exchanges?

**THE TWIG**—University of Toronto Schools.

A fine magazine. One of our few "all-boy" magazine exchanges. We especially enjoyed your Form News Items. But where are your exchanges? Call again!

**THE VANTECH**—Vancouver Technical School, Vancouver, B.C.

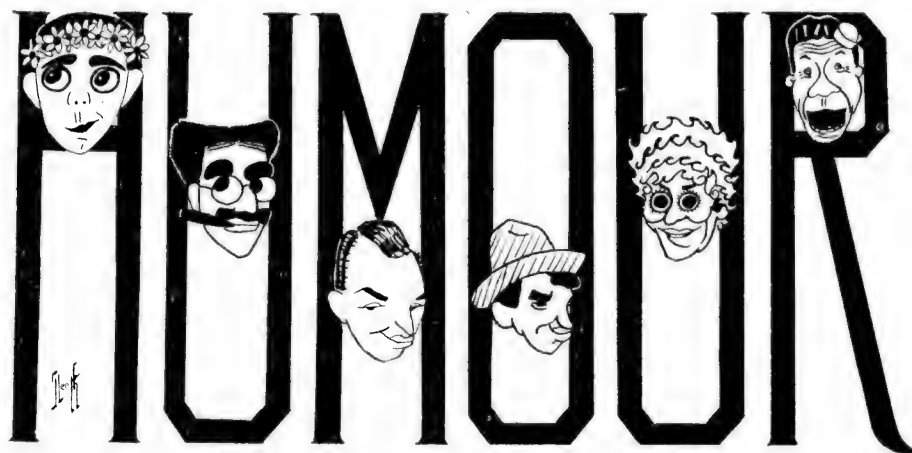
A welcome exchange. Your poetry section is certainly good. Keep up the good work. Your short stories and linoleum blocks are very interesting. Your roll call is a fine feature. An all-around magazine from cover to cover.

**THE WATSONIAN**—Watson's College, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Your literary section is right up to standard and your sports accounts are very complete, but your joke section—well, we just couldn't "find" a joke anywhere. Why spread the advertisements throughout your magazine?

**WESTWARD HO!**—Western Technical Commercial School, Toronto, Ontario.

Although the cover didn't strike us as being particularly attractive, inside were some excellent articles. The literature section is splendid. Your many school activities show a fine school spirit. Humour is good. We invite you to call again.



Clergyman—And has this man promised to support you?

Bride—Oh yes. I've taken his wad for it.

\* \* \* \*

Shanks—I'd enter the Assault-at-Arms wrestling but I'm afraid my opponent would pull my whiskers.

Isbister—G'wan! You haven't any whiskers.

Shanks—Huh! you've never seen my chest.

\* \* \* \*

Smith—Did you notice the strains of Poet and Peasant I was just playing?

Greason—Yes, the strain on my ear and the strain on my nerves.

\* \* \* \*

Until you try to borrow money, you never realize what close friends you have.

\* \* \* \*

A switchboard operator need have no fear of losing her job, if she makes the right connections.

\* \* \* \*

The reformer's version is: Youth Must Be Swerved.

\* \* \* \*

There was the fellow who was so afraid of sunstroke that he hired a detective to shadow him.

\* \* \* \*

1st Pro.—This sure is a swell-looking golf ball.

2nd Pro.—Yes, it's a joy to be holed.

\* \* \* \*

Coveney—Do you know, it's a great comfort to have a head like mine.

Hall—Yeah, solid comfort.

\* \* \* \*

Marg.—I can't find the right perfume to fit my personality.

Flo.—Never mind, aroma wasn't built in a day.

\* \* \* \*

Charley—Last night I had an awful pain in my arms.

George—Who was she?



McKegney—Did the doctor say he could cure my eczema?

Nurse—He wouldn't say.

McKegney—I see! afraid to make any rash promises, eh?

\* \* \* \*

Abie—I voik fer a pent house.

Mike—Don't you mean you live in a pent house?

Abie—No, I mean I voik fer a pent house! I sell pent, you know, red pent, green pent.

\* \* \* \*

Waiter—Have you finished with your fish, madam?

Enid (with Harry)—No, but a few more meals with him, and I will be.

\* \* \* \*

Landlord—Our new tenant formerly lived in Alaska.

Janitor—Yes sir, I'll do my best to make him feel at home, sir.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Kangaroo—But Mary, where is the child?

Mrs. Kangaroo—Good Heavens! I've had my pocket picked.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Gray—How do you know these pencils you accuse your neighbour of stealing were yours?

Pete—They were yellow ones, sir.

Mr. Gray—That doesn't prove anything. I have yellow pencils myself.

Bayduk—Yes sir. This isn't the first time I've missed pencils.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Walker—Are you laughing at me?

Class (in unison)—No, Miss Walker.

Miss Walker—Well, what else is there to laugh at?

\* \* \* \*

Miss Taylor—And now, can anyone give me an example of period furniture?

Henderson—An electric chair, because it ends a sentence.

\* \* \* \*

Mercurio—This quarter is no good—it won't ring.

MacGregor—What do you want for two bits, chimes?

\* \* \* \*

Gordon—Is the seat across from you reserved?

Jeanne N.—Oh, dreadfully. It hasn't uttered a word all evening.

\* \* \* \*

Clara K.—Did you say you are subject to fits?

Marg. E.—Yes, why?

Clara—What do you do when you have one?

Marg.—Oh, just walk back and froth.

\* \* \* \*

Irene H.—Joe told me a story last night.

Lillian—Did he tell it well?

Irene—Well, he held his audience.



Prisoner—Well old chap, I've been tipped off that the warden's going to make a flock of women happy.

Cellmate—Why? Has he got pardons for some females in the women's section?

Prisoner—No, he's got a pardon for me.

\* \* \* \*

Ilene—What do you suppose would happen to me if I let every fellow I go out with kiss me?

John—I don't know. What usually does?

\* \* \* \*

A tip for boys who park for a kiss! It's a long lane that has no turndown.

\* \* \* \*

Kit—Madam Facial's beauty treatments are responsible for my figure and complexion.

Kat—When are you going to start a damage suit against her?

\* \* \* \*

The sofa sagged in the middle,  
The shades were pulled just so,  
The family had retired  
And the evening lamp burned low;  
There came a sound from the sofa,  
The clock was striking two—  
The freshman slammed his textbook  
With a thankful, "Well, I'm through."

\* \* \* \*

1st Stude—How did you break your leg?

2nd Nitwit—I threw a cigarette in a manhole and stepped on it.

\* \* \* \*

Fergie—I'm forgetting women.

Langan—So am I. I'm for getting a couple as soon as possible.

\* \* \* \*

Never before had they been alone. But to-night, somehow, the others had withdrawn and left them—two alone on the broad stretch of green.

He had seen her before, of course, in the crowd. Few had not seen her and admired her incredible fairness. Once he had brushed against her—and the well-remembered quivering thrill of that contact startled him anew.

Could nothing bring them together? He hesitated but she remained motionless—waiting perhaps—gleaming fair in the pale light. Then an impulse, a power greater than he, impelled him to her. And she waited, as, dark and shining, he drew near.

They touched—and, with a soft whispering sigh—they kissed—and parted—each billiard ball rolling over to the cushion.

\* \* \* \*

Parole Chief—Are there any other reasons you'd like to advance for being paroled this time?

Prisoner—Yes, I'm supposed to visit my dentist every six months.

\* \* \* \*

City Editor—This line is devoted to Phillip.

Cub Reporter—Phillip who?

City Editor—Phillip Space.





McRitchie—I wish I were dead.

Kindly Old Man—You're on the wrong track, my boy.

Don—Think so?

Kindly Old Man—Oh yes, indeed. The train is coming down on this track here.

\* \* \* \*

They were alone in the country—wooded hills separated them from the nearest house. The spot was ideal for a murder. Suddenly he muttered and wheeled on his prone victim. "I'm going to kill you," he hissed. Slowly he pulled out his shooting iron and advanced step by step. The one on the ground lay white and motionless. Bang! went the six shooter and dirt flew into the air. But the shot went wild. "You'll get it now," he raged. Again the sturdy six crashed and again he missed. With an oath he threw down the weapon and seized a hickory club. Down came a horrible blow. "I got you," he cried. And the golf ball rolled to the green.

\* \* \* \*



SO PIATHOUSKI DEMONSTRATED THE LAW OF  
GRAVITY TO 4B PHYSICS CLASS!

\* \* \* \*

Crystal Gazer—I can tell you one thing, young lady. Your future is to be a lot more interesting than your past.

Dame—What makes you think so?

Crystal Gazer—Because you just met me this evening.

\* \* \* \*

Jack—I know one guy who's an honest grafter.

Jim—Who?

Jack—A tree surgeon.



## WEBSTER'S GREATEST WORK—1934 MODEL

bomb—an idle fellow; a good for nothing  
 crime—filth; soot  
 dock—a fowl that you have to have a license to shoot  
 five—the number of fingers you have on each of your hands  
 guilt—a short, pleated petticoat, worn by Scotsmen instead of trousers  
 incite—interior; not out doors  
 Judge—name of the present King of England  
 melody—an ailment; disease; sickness  
 noose—what the papers sometimes print  
 minuet—sixty seconds  
 pitch—a fruit enclosed in a fuzzy skin  
 plunder—a trifling mistake  
 police—a polite word used when you want someone to pass the butter  
 shot—to close; not open  
 steal—quiet; without motion; calm  
 tongue—an organ of speech and taste  
 voice—not as good as  
 vagrant—having a very pleasant odour  
 waltz—the sides which surround a room and hold up the ceiling

\* \* \* \*

## V-A's WONDER

Among the seven wonders of the world,  
 Like Einstein's theory, his fame unfurl'd:  
 He tells us all we want to know,  
 Just like a storm, with a mighty blow.

His ability in German and in Maths.  
 Seems to be a credit to his paths:  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave  
 And so he'll go like any other knave.

Mr. Andrews thinks he's not so hot,  
 But we must admit he knows a lot:  
 But why in classes must he tell  
 The things he knows 'til the very last bell?

Just like Napoleon, he's short and stout  
 And conquers all, without a doubt:  
 Maybe in history we'll see his name,  
 Or printed in the hall of fame.

\* \* \* \*

Actor (modestly)—As a matter of fact I have received letters from ladies in almost every place I have appeared.

Rival—Landladies, I presume.

\* \* \* \*

Hunt—Once I hit a golf ball and nearly killed a man.

Darrach—Really?

Hunt—Yes, the pro. who was teaching me almost dropped dead when I hit it.



Matrimony is a serious word, says a domestic science lecturer.  
He is wrong—matrimony is a sentence.

\* \* \* \*

I love my girl, though she ain't much,  
She is homely in a way,  
But she lives three houses down our block  
And drives to school each day.

\* \* \* \*

Kilbreath—Why do you say Adam was like a radio?  
Crowe—Because they took part of him and made a loud speaker.

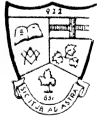
\* \* \* \*



Freshman—Say, dad, how many kinds of milk are there?  
His Pa—Well, there's evaporated milk, condensed milk, buttermilk, malted milk and—  
but why do you ask?  
Freshie—Well, Miss McLachlin told us to draw a picture of a cow and I want to know  
how many spigots to put on it.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Norwood—You certainly do keep your car nice and clean.  
Mr. Payne—It's an even deal—my car keeps me clean too.



Give a man a free hand and he'll place an engagement ring on it.

\* \* \* \*

Antony—Ho Caesar, there is a man with a noble nerve.

Caesar—Ay, a wonderful Gaul.

\* \* \* \*

A green little freshie in a green little way  
Mixed green little chemicals up one day:  
The green little grasses now tenderly wave  
O'er the green little freshie's green little grave.

\* \* \* \*

"So he broke your heart," said a friend to Geddes' last conquest.

"Not only that, he played cards with father and broke him, too."

\* \* \* \*

She—Oh good! You've asked father.

He—No dear, I've just been in a motor smash.

\* \* \* \*

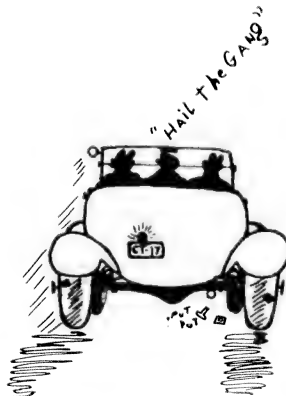
Ross—Dad, the palmist who examined my hand said I was very economical in some things.

Mr. Cook—Did he say what they were?

Ross—Yes, soap and water.

\* \* \* \*

A Collegiate Ford  
All twisted and bent;  
A cross marks the spot  
Of the big accident—  
Wires that were shorted,  
A leak in the gas,  
And good old St. Peter enlarges his class.



\* \* \* \*

Jack—How is your brother, the travelling salesman?

Ted—Oh, he quit that job. He only got two orders in three months.

Jack—What were they?

Ted—Get out and stay out.



Cannibal—We've just captured an actor.

Chief—Hurray! I was hoping for a good ham sandwich.

\* \* \* \*

Window cleaners are excellent company because they know a lot of stories.

\* \* \* \*

Bailiff—There's a very pretty prisoner outside, your honour. She has the loveliest lips.

Judge—Well, bring her in. She's probably worth trying.

\* \* \* \*

Newsboy—Sir, my beautiful sister is dying of starvation. Will you buy the rest of my papers?

Gent—No, but I'll take your sister out to dinner.

\* \* \* \*

Guy—A lot of people have dragged my name through the mire.

Gal—Why is that?

Guy—I'm a tire manufacturer.

\* \* \* \*

Dorothy—My grandfather had a terrible time keeping his scalp in a healthy condition.

Kay—Oh! Was he troubled by dandruff?

Dorothy—No, he was troubled by Indians.

\* \* \* \*



REMEMBER A CERTAIN EVENING, IN A  
HAMBURG SHOP ON CHRISTINA STREET?

\* \* \* \*

Lover—Darling, I can't seem to persuade you to marry me and I've tried everything under the sun.

Loved One—Then why not start trying things under the moon?

\* \* \* \*

Isabelle—Do you think there are any statistics on how many kisses are stolen?

Jean—No, those things are kept pretty much in the dark.

\* \* \* \*

1st Soda Clerk—I can't make these —! —! —! pineapple temptations.

2nd Soda Clerk—Say, didn't you ever go to sundae school?



Mr. Gray (to T4)—There is only one good second form in this school and that is T4.

\* \* \* \*

Mistress—This pie is absolutely burnt, Nora! Did you make it according to instructions in the cook-book?

Nora—No, ma'am, it's me own cremation.

\* \* \* \*

Hobo—Could you help a poor man who has just come out of prison?

Miss Burriss—You should be ashamed to own it.

Hobo—I didn't own it, mam, I was only a lodger.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Mendizabal—My dog is most intelligent.

DeCou—I have noticed it. He always gets behind a tree when you shoot.

\* \* \* \*

Soap Box Orator—I want land reform! I want housing reform! I want educational reform! I want—

Voice from the Crowd—Chloroform.

\* \* \* \*

Herb—This is a quiet spot. I'd like to pause here and park.

Grace—You mean you'd like to park here and paw, but you're not going to.

\* \* \* \*

"So you are going to Africa to shoot big game. Well, drop me a lion when you get there."

\* \* \* \*

Son—Daddy, why is mummy singing?

Pa—She's singing baby to sleep.

Son—Will she stop when baby is asleep?

Pa—Yes, sonny.

Son—Then why doesn't baby pretend to be asleep?

\* \* \* \*

A crash of glass and a thunder clap  
As the door slammed and the house quivered,  
A clatter of hoofs, a loud "giddap"—  
Our bottle of milk has been delivered.

\* \* \* \*

Then there was the Scotch chiropodist who was an awkward dancer for business reasons.

\* \* \* \*

Wife of Justice of the Peace (waking her husband)—Dear, a young couple down at the front door want you to make them man and wife. Are you going to do them a favor?

Justice of the Peace—Yes. I'm going back to sleep.

\* \* \* \*

Male Artist's Model—Congratulate me! I've landed a job as a professional strong man.

Girl Friend—Travelling with a circus?

Model—No, posing for B. O. advertisements.



May—My boy friend said he'd jump off a cliff three hundred feet high, if I didn't marry him.

Eva—Sounds like a lot of bluff to me.

\* \* \* \*

1st Drunk—Gosh, I'm wobbly. Mush be'n earthquake 'round here.

2nd Drunk—Land shakes!

1st Drunk—You shaid it, pal.

\* \* \* \*

A school magazine is a great invention:

The school gets all the fame,

The printer gets all the money

And the staff gets all the blame.

\* \* \* \*

Blonde—But I tell you I've made up my mind to marry a man who's been around.

Suitor—Fine, I'm a six day bicycle racer.

\* \* \* \*

FOR BOYS ONLY

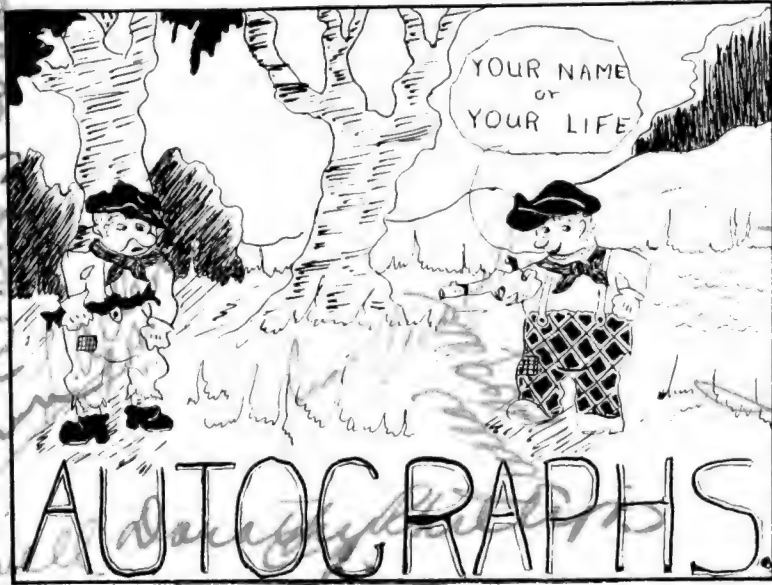
Out of all the two thousand lady readers, there will be one thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine who will turn this around and read it.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Taylor—Now class; I want you to settle down.

Bob—Nerts. I don't want to get married yet.





Ray Keelan 2A  
 David Griffith 2A

Vi Harvill

John 1A  
 David 2A

Julian 2A

Virgil Porter  
 Julian 2A

Neil Garrach 3A

John 2A  
 Kellar 2A

Esch  
 med

Angus 2A  
 Don Clatworthy M.D.

Roger Anderson

"Ray Taylor"

Jim Conner 2A

Bill Keelan 2A

Ted 2A

Norma 2A  
 Elizabeth 2A







*The Sarnia Board of Education*  
and its  
*Advisory Vocational Committee*

extend congratulations to the Staff of the 1934 "Collegiate" Magazine on their successful publication of the year book of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School.

They also desire to take this opportunity of extending to the Teaching Staff of the School their appreciation of the excellent work being done by them, and to the Students of the School their best wishes for present and future success.

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NOTE ON THE ORGANIZATION OF THE  
COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL

The School is under the management of the Board of Education and the Advisory-Vocational Committee.

Instruction is offered in both academic and vocational courses of study. All courses provide a liberal education in English, Mathematics, Science, History and Geography. Additional subjects are offered to suit the requirements of the student. The following notes will be found helpful and should afford guidance to parents and pupils.

**Academic Courses**—These prepare candidates for entrance to the Normal Schools, the Universities, and Professional Schools. Attendance for four years or more is required to complete these courses.

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Teskey—I'm just wondering if a policeman's uniform is a law suit.

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Mr. Andrews—Define a circle.

Rainsberry—A circle is a round, straight line with a hole in the middle.

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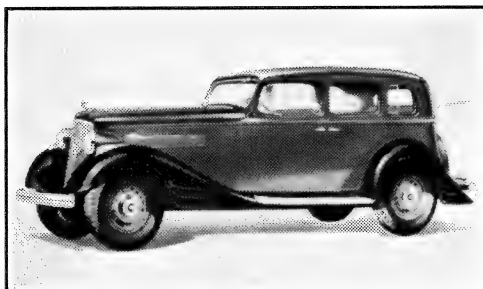
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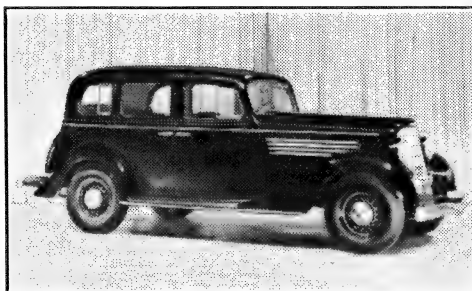


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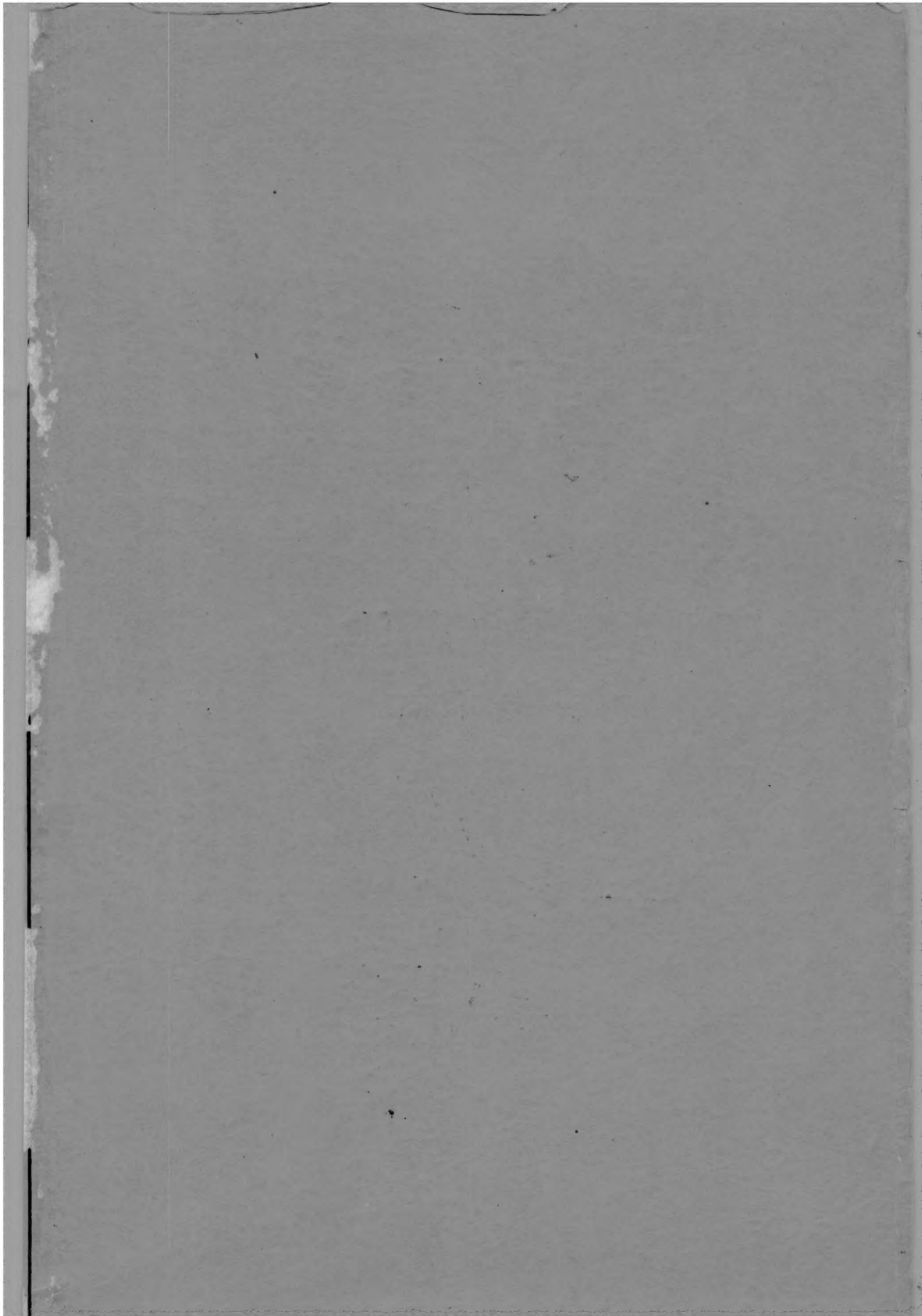
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